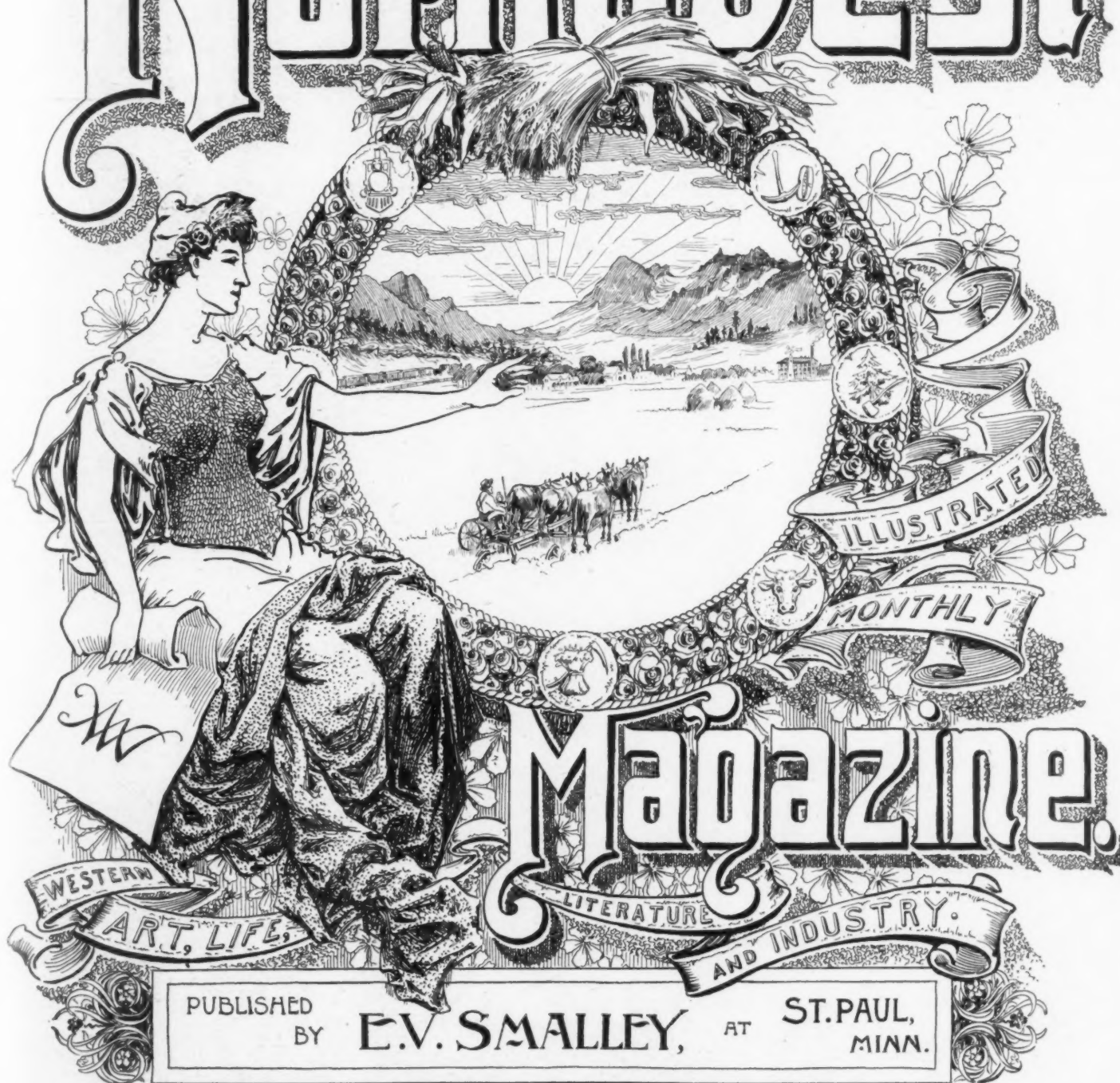


The Northwest

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
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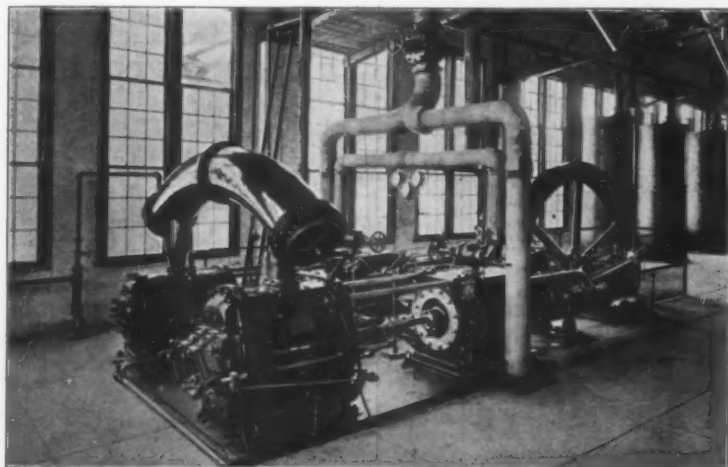
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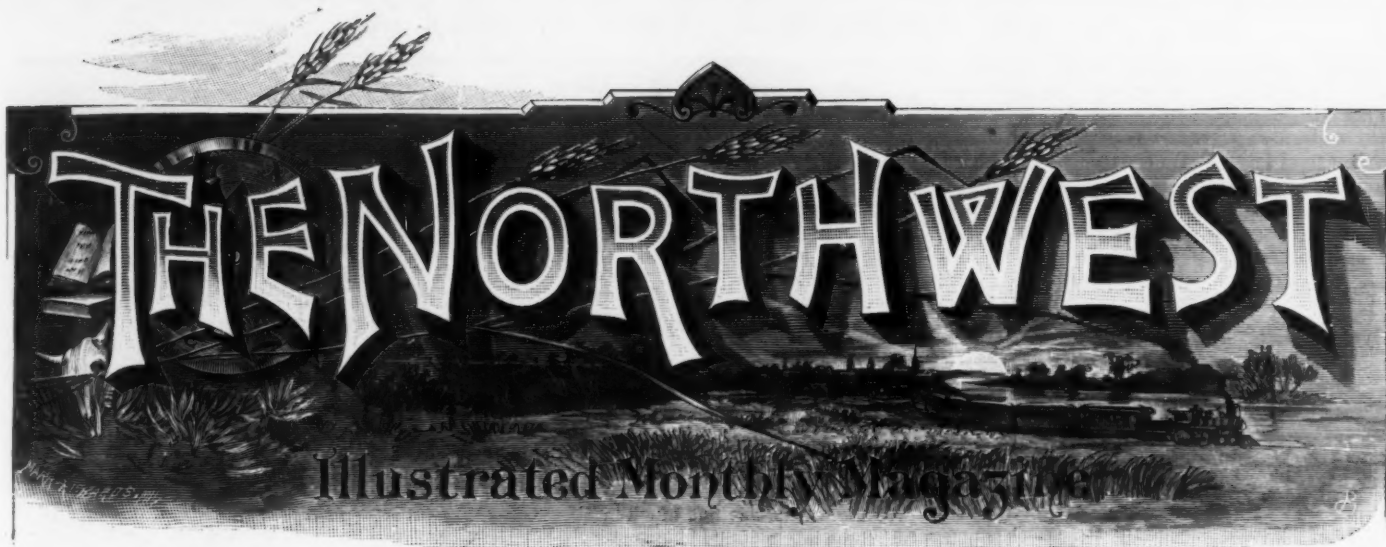
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ST. PAUL, DECEMBER, 1896.

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RAMBLES IN MINNESOTA.

BY E. V. SMALLEY.

A RED RIVER VALLEY VILLAGE.—Marshall County is the second county in Minnesota south of the British line. It is seventy-two miles long from east to west,—from the Red River to the Red Lake Indian Reservation,—and twenty-four miles wide, which makes it about as large as the State of Delaware. All the western half is level, black prairie, with belts of timber skirting the streams. In the eastern half the land becomes slightly rolling, with patches of scrubby timber, which gradually solidify into solid expanses of pine and poplar. In the extreme east the soil is sandy, and population is so sparse that a number of townships have not yet been organized. The only line of railroad in this big county is the old St. Vincent line of the Great Northern, running north and south. That odd religious enthusiast, Farmer Hines, projected two or three lines across the county two years ago, but he has not yet shoveled any dirt on either of them, and the people now look upon his schemes as visionary.

Near the center of the county is the canny and comfortable village of Argyle. It is not the county seat, for the larger town of Warren, on the extreme southern edge of Marshall, enjoys the profit and honor of being the local

capital. Argyle is a good point for the study of village life on our Northern prairies under the favorable conditions of a good soil in the surrounding country and a rather exceptionally enterprising population in the place itself. This population numbers about 600 souls, and is of curiously variegated national derivation. You can hear seven languages spoken in the streets and stores almost any day, not counting dialects. These tongues are English, French, Norwegian, Swedish, Polish, German, and Bohemian. Of the English language there are five dialects—American English, British English, and Canadian, Irish and Scotch-English. Then you will hear Canadian French and French as it is spoken in France, and listen to Russian, German, and also the Danish dialect of the Norse Tongue. All these varieties of people get along very well together, and they manage their county and township affairs with only a moderate amount of race jealousy and with no open ruptures.

The village spreads out over the bare prairie, with liberal space for streets and dooryards. It is entirely out of debt, and this year it levied no tax for the support of its municipal government. Its treasury gets a revenue of \$3,000 from a license tax of \$750 each on the four saloons. This money keeps the streets and sidewalks in order, pays the village marshal, who represents the police power, and pays all other bills. The local government is evidently efficient and is supported by an active public spirit. The streets are nicely rounded up, so as to secure good drainage into the gutters; the sidewalks of pine boards are in good order; no

street is without its double row of shade-trees—young as yet, and growing slowly in this Northern latitude, but already an element of beauty in the place. Fire-protection is afforded by an engine and fourteen cisterns. The streets are lighted with gasoline lamps. A weekly newspaper, the *Banner*, faithfully chronicles all home events and takes a hand in the discussion of national politics. The village school has four rooms and eight grades, and the teachers are inspired by all the modern progressive ideas as to educational methods. Three churches, Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic, tell the people how to get to Heaven. They have good edifices and are well supported. Tree-planting has been going on for three years. At first an allowance was made of twenty-five cents a tree to property holders to the extent of their road-tax. This plan secured 1,100 trees the first year, and the number has since been increased to 3,000.

The village has a public park of four and a half acres which was obtained in a novel way. A good hotel was needed. The land for the park was bought by the municipality for \$2,000 under an agreement with the owner that he would give this sum as a bonus for a hotel. To this the citizens added \$500 by subscription, and thus both park and hotel were secured. Both are remarkably creditable to a town of 600 inhabitants. The hotel, with its new furniture, fresh beds and handsome table service, is a delight to the weary traveler who has been taking the usual pot-luck of country taverns.

Mercantile business is mainly in the hands of one strong firm of Scandinavians, who have



HOME OF A SUCCESSFUL WHEAT FARMER IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY, MINNESOTA.

one of the largest country stores in the State, divided into different rooms for dry-goods, shoes, hardware, clothing and groceries. In seasons of active trade the stock carried amounts to about \$40,000. There are, of course, numerous small concerns; but the big store, with its heavy stock and its ability to carry long lines of credit with the farmers, dominates the trade of the town. Whether the big store is or is not a good thing for the community, is a disputed question. It no doubt gives purchasers a better range of choice than small stores could give, and probably lower prices on the average, but the landlord says there would be four times as many drummers stopping at his house if there were four mercantile firms doing business here instead of the big firm.

Argyle has five grain elevators, a State bank, and a flouring-mill. For amusements, lectures and political meetings it has a very pretty hall, called an opera-house, and also a town-hall. I have gone thus minutely into descriptive details concerning the place, because it seems to me to be notable and praiseworthy that a comparatively new town, established less than a

of a political campaign. With \$500 of capital a man can now launch a weekly newspaper. When I was a country printer, about three times as much money was required. Now the country editor, as a rule, only sets up the first and last pages of his paper;—the other two he gets ready printed from the city. Or, if he prints all four at home, he buys stereotype plates, sometimes called "snakes," for his general news and miscellany. The customary force in the office of a small country weekly is the editor, and a girl or a boy to set type. The editor should be an all-round man. He must pick up the local news, get advertising, keep his books, set up and work off job printing, act as pressman for the little roller press, which costs about \$50 and prints one page at a time, and look keenly after his share of the country printing. There is not much in the business, but there is a modest, independent living in it if it is looked after closely. The editor is occasionally given some small official position, such as town clerk, and he may get the post-office; but this is usually regarded by the politicians as too important a plum for him. He is sent

century ago. I do not think this complaint well founded. I have seen something of country schools and schoolhouses during a week's knocking about in the lower Red River Valley. The evolution has not been so great in the rural school, since my boyhood, as in the graded schools of the town, but this is because of the necessary limitations of the former, and not because of any lack of progressive spirit in education among either teachers or parents. Where children of all ages from six to sixteen must be taught in one room by one teacher, it is not possible to make very radical changes in old methods.

The typical Minnesota country schoolhouse of our day is an attractive little building. It has an entrance-hall for wraps, coats and hats. The schoolroom is lighted by numerous large windows, furnished with roller shades. In my boyhood we had to hang the girls' shawls up at the windows to keep out the sun. The seats and desks are of polished hardwood with iron frames. The ink-wells are sunken in the desks, so that they cannot be upset. We used to bring ink-bottles from home. They were of various shapes and sizes; and long black stains, on the rude and much-whittled desks, were enduring witnesses of grievous accidents to the fluid. Now there are long expanses of wall blackboards, instead of the one painted board that used to serve for the arithmetic lessons only. Handsome colored charts are used to illustrate the whole range of common-school studies, and from these the eye will often convey to the brain more knowledge at a glance than could formerly be instilled in the course of a half-hour's recitation. There is a great deal less of memorizing from text-books than there used to be, and more thinking on the part of the pupils. Besides, the standard for teachers has been a good deal elevated by the system of inspection and superintendence, and by the teachers' institutes. The country schoolhouse, with the stars and stripes floating from its little flagstaff, is, I believe, more than ever, the nursery of patriotism and good citizenship.

A CROP FAILURE.—On the Minnesota side of the Red River the wheat-crop this year was the worst known since the first settlement of the country. Wet weather in the spring made it impossible to put in the seed in time. The whole region was saturated with continuous rains. A great many farmers would have been better off if they had put in no crop at all, for the trifling yield they got did not pay expenses. Ordinarily, this is an excellent and reliable wheat country. It is not subject to hot winds, like the Dakotas, and it rarely has a drought. Last year the yield was enormous; it was, in fact, two crops in one. From the town of Warren, county seat of Marshall, 2,000,000 bushels were shipped; and Argyle and Stephen marketed over 1,250,000 bushels each. This year neither of these stations will ship 50,000 bushels. In the entire valley from Breckenridge north to the Manitoba line, there was threshed only about enough wheat for bread and seed. Such a misfortune cannot be expected to come oftener than once in a generation, and following, as it does, immediately after a year of prodigious harvest, the farmers are in good shape to endure it with patience. If they get a good crop next year and sixty cents a bushel, most of the mortgage indebtedness of the valley counties will be paid off.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—It is surprising how abundant prairie chickens continue to be in all this region in spite of the annual slaughter. Old settlers say that these pretty and toothsome birds are more numerous now than they were when the valley was first occupied by



WARREN, MINN., DURING THE FRESHET OF MAY, 1896.

Showing the need for the drainage ditches the State is now constructing in the Red River Valley. After the completion of the Snake ditch, no repetition of the flood will be possible.

score of years ago on a bare prairie, should be able with its small population to equip itself with the best adjuncts of village life in older regions, and at the same time get out of debt. Of the social life of the place I am not competent to speak after only a day's sojourn; but, as reflected in external institutions, it must be sound and progressive. Where honesty and intelligence are shown in municipal government, it is fair to conclude that the people are wide-awake, thrifty, and liberal.

A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER OFFICE.—Before the introduction of patent insides and plate matter, a town had to have about a thousand inhabitants before it could support a weekly paper. Now, however, a weekly that has no rival in a town of 500 affords a good living to its owner; and there are many places of 300 where a paper manages to exist. I visited in the valley a village, of certainly not more than 400 inhabitants, that had two papers; but it was agreed, all around, that this was an over-production owing to the temporary stimulus

as a delegate to numerous conventions, where he has to pay his own expenses. Now and then a country editor gets into the Legislature, and one Minnesota editor holds a seat in Congress. He comes from a considerable town, however.

It is the fashion for country editors to joke each other about their calling, but it is about as remunerative as that of the country lawyer or doctor, and it is certainly much more influential. A man who owns a well-established weekly in a town of 500 to 1,500 population, and who is a good printer and a fair writer, has no reason to complain of his lot in life. He may not lay up money, but he has the satisfactions of the intellectual life. It is more interesting to set type than to lay bricks, and there is more brain stimulus in writing locals than in wrapping up groceries.

A DISTRICT SCHOOLHOUSE.—One often hears complaints that all the recent progress in education has been made in the schools of the towns and cities, and that the country school remains about where it was a quarter of a

farmers. The explanation is found in the plentiful feed afforded by the wheat-fields, and the winter shelter of the strawstacks. Prairie chickens manage to thrive and multiply near the abodes of their deadly enemy, man. They are cunning birds, and expert at hiding. They seem to know what a gun is for as well as a good bird-dog. It is astonishing how many you see when you have left your gun at home!

OUR NORTHERNMOST TOWN.—St. Vincent, our most northern Minnesota town, is a dull little hamlet now of some 300 people, who look back sadly on the boom years of 1879 and 1880, when they dreamed roseate dreams of sudden wealth. Four cities were then platted close to the boundary—Emerson and West Lynne, on opposite sides of the Red River, in Canada, and Pembina and St. Vincent, facing each other across the same stream on Uncle Sam's soil. They used to be called the Four Corners. They are all villages, now, Pembina being the most important of the four. I arrived in St. Vincent in a driving storm of snow and sleet, and, finding that the hotel had long ago been pulled down and its lumber moved away, I took shelter in a boarding-house kept by a genial Platt Deutsche family, declining to cross the ferry to Pembina in an open bus, that carried no blankets or robes to keep the piercing blast off the legs of the travelers. My Low-Dutch friends gave me an excellent dinner, and a good clean bed in a neat little attic room under the sloping roof.

WARREN IN FLOOD-TIME.—A view of Warren, Minnesota, taken on May 18, 1896, when the flood-waters of the great spring freshet had spread over the town, is given herewith. Warren is on the Snake River, about eighteen miles from the Red. Its altitude is fully 100 feet above the ordinary water-level of the latter stream, and there is consequently ample slope for the drainage of the country if the flood-waters of the small tributaries of the Red were carried off into the main river. Along the banks of the Red runs a ridge, covered with trees and underbrush, that is about eight feet higher than the general level of the adjacent land. The mouths of the small streams have become clogged in the course of ages with driftwood and sand, so that at high-water periods they dam up and flood the fields. Near the mouth of almost every one of these little rivers is a swamp, lying considerably above the level of Red River. During the heavy rains of May last the Snake and other streams overflowed their banks, because of the obstructions at their mouths, and the water was held upon the surface of the country for some time, owing to the great natural dike along Red River. Upon the completion of the State drainage system, the swamps will be drained and canals be cut that will carry rapidly into the Red all the water that does not find room for its discharge through the mouths of the tributary streams. There will never be a repetition of the flood shown in the picture.

AN UNKNOWN TIMBER REGION.

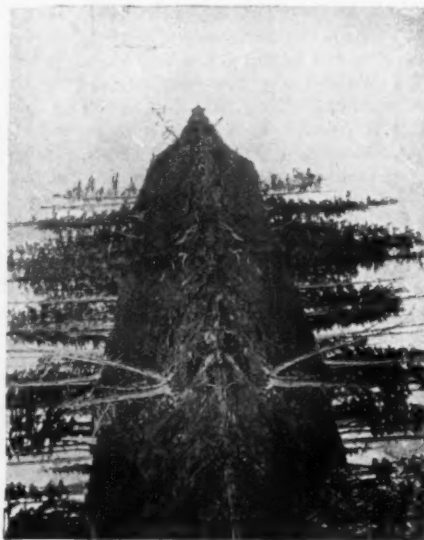
A wonderful and practically unknown timber region has been explored recently in Washington west of the Olympic Mountain Range. Spruce-trees ten to twelve feet in diameter, hemlocks 100 feet to the first branches, and white fir and larch of large size and form, that demonstrate unmistakably the truth of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest in the mighty realm of vegetation, are the features of this old-new timber region. There stands, as the redundant Croly would say, "antiquity that tells of ages unnumbered; use exhaustless for

the service of man, and beauty that the touch of time makes only more beautiful." More practical folk wonder that so rich a timber section has been so long unravaged by fire, and hope that the lumber industry may reach it in advance of the flames. The fertility of the land that supports this tremendous growth cannot be doubted, but the men who reclaim it to agriculture must be of sturdier race than those who represent the present class of homesteaders, and even these must follow slowly in the path of the brawny loggers who toil to supply the demands of the lumber trade.—*Portland Oregonian*.

A STRANGE HORIZONTAL GROWTH OF TREES IN OREGON.

A friend in Polk County, Oregon, recently sent to the *Northwest Coast and Puget Sound Lumberman*, published at Tacoma, Wash., a photograph of a peculiar forest growth found on a small, cone-shaped hill in Saltpeter Crater. The accompanying engraving is an exact reproduction of the photograph, and it is only through the courtesy of the *Lumberman* that we are enabled to present it to our readers. Speaking on the subject our Washington contemporary says:

"Certainly in no other part of the world is to be found so many freaks in nature as one finds



HORIZONTAL TREES OF OREGON.

in the woods and mountains of the Pacific Coast. It would not be possible to convince the skeptical world of the existence of such strange features if it were not for the camera, which creates evidence not to be doubted. Our friend writes that but few people have seen this strange sight, as it is very difficult of access. Several theories have been advanced to account for the horizontal growth of the trees on this cone-shaped hill. One of the most plausible ones is that the hill has changed its position several times. The base of the hill is not shown in the engraving, but is described as being very small, and one could easily imagine how it could be tilted back and forth by an earthquake, or even by very heavy winds. Another theory is that the large amount of saltpeter in the soil of this hill has caused this horizontal growth. While this does not seem reasonable, nevertheless some experiments made by Blausen, a Norwegian chemist, show that such conditions are made possible by certain chemical combinations. Whatever may have been the cause, it is certainly a curiosity."

THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

Oh, come, my daughter, come with me to the coasts of evergreen,
Where the broad Pacific laves the shores and the tall white ships are seen;
Where snow-capped mountains pierce the skies, by the side of crystal lakes,
And the wind, among the balsam boughs, celestial music makes;
Where the gold and silver mountains ring with the miner's pick and spade,
And the water-fowl skims on the lake, and the deer leaps in the glade!
Oh, come where Puget Sound winds in among a thousand isles,
By farmers' cots and woodmen's homes, where bounteous nature smiles;
Where tall fir-trees make green the tide, as it ebbs among the hills,
And mountain lakes pour out their floods in a hundred tumbling rills;
Where cities fair, with their hum and stir, beside their busy bays,
Send out their ships with steam and sail in many ocean-ways!
Oh, come to the fields of Washington, where grows the golden wheat,
And where, in the iron mountain's breast, the coal rests 'neath our feet;
And the saw-mills hum, and the canners come with their treasures of the deep,
And soft winds in the pine-trees sing, lulling us to sleep!
Oh, come where the sun bathes in the West when the daylight hours grow late;
Where the lion of the sea basks warm by the side of the Golden Gate;
And the gray gulls scream in mad delight, as the ocean ships go out,
At their table spread with lavish hand on the evening waves about!
Oh, come where the salmon leaps with glee in the glorious summer sun,
And flashes his silver armor bright in the vigor of his fun;
Where the halibut, in the peaceful calm of his ocean pasture deep,
Jerks taut the line of the fisherman with the vim of his mighty leap!
Oh, come where the palm-trees fringe the shore of the mighty Golden State,
And the grapes and oranges hang rich, while the drowsy pickers wait;
Or come where the walrus churns the sea and blows his trumpet loud,
While the soft-eyed, furry-coated seal the Alaska islands crowd.
Or Mt. Elias' towering peak is mirrored in the sea,
Where the mighty whale makes the ocean boil like a monster pot of tea;
Where the icebergs float on the arctic stream like crystal mountains bright,
Or mighty ghosts, with silent tread glide by in the misty night.
Come where the streams of Oregon from mighty mountains flow
Among the fields and happy homes where the prune and apple grow;
And where the grain and grass grow high by the side of the winding stream,
And in their plenteous comfort there the sheep and cattle dream.
Or where the mighty Columbia pours out its mountain flood
To buffet back with sweeping hands the foaming ocean rude.
Oh, come with me to the verdant isle where the royal city stands,
Or where the Frazer River flows down over its golden sands;
Where the Union Jack floats over fields as rich as Eden was,
And offers free from disease and woe an enchanted home to us!
Oh, come, come, come, my daughter dear! to the coasts of evergreen,
Where nature fair the whole year through in a verdant robe is seen,
And the soft Chinook, with gentle touch, comes out from the warm southwest
And draws for all a rich supply from Nature's bounteous breast.
Oh, come, then, come and make your home where a soft and gentle clime
Makes the blood glide smoothly through the veins and the pulses beat in time;
Where everything makes glad the heart and rests the weary eye,
And we can live in joy and peace, while the happy days go by!
JOSEPH W. DOHR.
Written for *The Northwest Magazine*.

A COMMONPLACE MAN.

By Florence A. Jones.

It was a pretty picture she made, this stormy night, as she curled up like a kitten in her "sleepy hollow," the big arm-chair. The fire-light sketched strange figures upon the wall and cast weird shadows around the little figure that sat before the glowing grate. A dainty creature with fluffy, yellow hair piled high on the graceful head; wide, clear gray eyes that looked at you fearlessly, and lips "like a scarlet thread." A beautiful girl, and, withal, a womanly, lovable one! So thinks the man who sits opposite, noting every movement, watching every expression of the sweet face, and smiling indulgently as, now and then, she gives utterance to some quaint thought in clear-cut, emphatic words. For this dainty bit of femininity believed, and endeavored to make others believe, that she was a strong-minded woman, a "new-woman" of the most pronounced ideas. She zealously read all the literature devoted to the uplifting of her sex, was a devoted believer in woman-suffrage, and often gave little lectures to her friends on the subjects dear to her heart. How she dwelt on the enslavement of woman, the tyranny of man, and how clearly she pointed out to her deluded friends the only way of emancipation! Just now she was explaining to John Stanton, her best friend, in most convincing words, just what her sex demands, not as a concession, but as a right! She assured him that, in the near future, woman will take her rightful place in the world; will stand side by side with man in every line of work that he has hitherto monopolized.

John listened attentively, saying nothing, but smiling so aggravatingly, as she declared, with a pout.

"Women have been deluded long enough by your sophistries," she said, "and now we are going to see with our own eyes, and not with yours!" Then, glancing at him half-defiantly, half-doubtingly, she added, with a tilt of the rounded chin, that she had really and truly dedicated her life to the cause, and that she intended, in due time, to take her place upon the platform in behalf of wronged womankind, who had not yet learned of the injustice and humiliations they were suffering.

"All that most women think of now," she declared, "is love and marriage—as if there were no higher aim in life! Marriage, indeed! I cannot see why a woman cannot be happy and contented without making a slave of herself for life! I shall show them, by example, that a single life is far happier and more independent, and perhaps I may win some to my side. If not, I, at least, can be a free, independent bachelor-maid!" and she laughed merrily, glancing at John.

Did she note the shadows in the kind, brown eyes—the grieved look around the firm, tender mouth? She did not know that every word she uttered was to him as the falling of the clods on the coffin-lid of our beloved dead. Brave, loyal John! Tall, stalwart, with a breadth of shoulder that gave ample evidence of his ability to push his way through the world, he was a man such as you may meet, any day, on your streets. His face was redeemed from absolute

plainness by bright, honest brown eyes, where merry lights were wont to lurk; by the tender curves of the firm mouth, and by the upright, manly soul that shone in every line of the rugged features. He was a man whom men liked, whom women honored, and whom little children trusted. They had been friends for years, Helen and John—ever since the day when she stole across the street, impelled by a childish curiosity, to see the new neighbors whom her mother had mentioned at the breakfast table. How often they had laughed over it since! She was a tiny lass of five years, and then, as now, had a due sense of her own importance. The yellow curls were tossed back from the small face, which bore marks of bread and butter, and her little red dress and red shoes were sadly soiled in her boisterous play with her mastiff, "Cap."

Tired, at last, the happy thought came to her to visit the new-comers across the way, and, with her, to think was to act; so, slipping out unnoticed, she was soon rapping on the door with her chubby fists, Cap barking a noisy accompaniment. In a few minutes a tall boy of sixteen opened the door and looked wonderingly down at the little figure before him.

"I've come to call on you," she volunteered, patronizingly, whereupon she was invited to enter.

"I am very glad to meet you," he laughed. "What is your name?"

"Helen Mary Forrester," she answered, glibly; "and I'm five years old. Say! this isn't my bestest dress, you know. Mamma made it out of her old one."

With another laugh, he called her to him and seated her on his knee.

"So your name is Helen, is it?"

"Yes, but mamma most always calls me 'dear,' 'cept when she's mad; then she says 'Helen Mary Forrester,'" and the childish voice grew very tragic indeed. "Papa calls me a 'terror,' but I like 'dear' best, don't you?"

Upon receiving a laughing affirmative, she said, "You may call me 'dear,' if you want to," and she can remember now how he laughed as she bestowed this mark of her favor upon him. Then, looking up into his face with solemn eyes, she asked his name.

"John," he replied.

"Oh, but you is so big! I must call you Mr. John."

"Very well! Mr. John I am, and henceforth you are 'dear.' We seal the contract thus," kissing the red lips.

"'Dear,' henceforth!" Ah, John, you spoke more truly than you knew. The friendship had grown and strengthened with the years until, at last, it grew to be more than life to John. He was still "John" to her, but as sweet as the childish little "dear" was to him, he dared not use it. Helen noticed the change, but attributed it to the fact that she was a young lady now, and, of course, must be treated with more deference. How often he had determined to ask her for the right to call her by that old name, and how often had his heart failed him! Tonight he had come with the in-

tention of deciding his fate; but now, how could he? Could such a sweet, wilful little sprite ever love him—plain, matter-of-fact John, years older than herself? And, if she could, would it be right to ask her to give up those bright dreams—that bright future, for him?

You see, John had great faith in Helen's capabilities, and had no doubt that she could draw the world after her as she had drawn him. How could he clip those wings, so anxious to soar to unknown heights, and ask her to dwell with him in the valley, leading the dull, commonplace life of home-maker and wife? She looked so scornfully on marriage that he trembled at the thought of putting an end to the sweet dream, for he felt certain that the awakening would be rude. She had spoken, that very evening, of a friend who had given up a bright career for the man she loved. Love, placed in the balance, had outweighed ambition.

"How weak, how supremely weak to give up such prospects for a man—a commonplace man, at that! If she must marry, why could she not choose a man who could help her in her career, instead of lowering herself to the position of drudge and housekeeper for a poor, unambitious mortal!"

Poor John! What could he say in the face of this? He sat silent, trying to realize what it meant to him. The words he tried to utter choked him, and he soon rose to go. He reached out his large, strong hand, and, with a grasp that almost crushed the little white fingers, said, unsteadily, "I hope your life may be happy, Helen,—the life you have chosen; but—" and he could say no more.

Helen looked in wonderment at him. As she noticed the white lips and the expression of the brown eyes, a new light broke in upon her:

"Why, John, what is it? You don't mean—you can't—" and then she stopped.

"Yes, dear, I do mean that I came here tonight to ask you to be the wife of a commonplace man," and his voice trembled. "But you made me understand my place. Never mind, little love," as the red lips quivered; "you are not to blame. How could I help loving you?"

"Oh, John, don't, don't!" she implored, putting her hands to her face.

"No, dear, I shall not. I shall never again grieve you with my love, never mention it to you again—God help me!" he added, bitterly, as the full force of his vow came upon him.

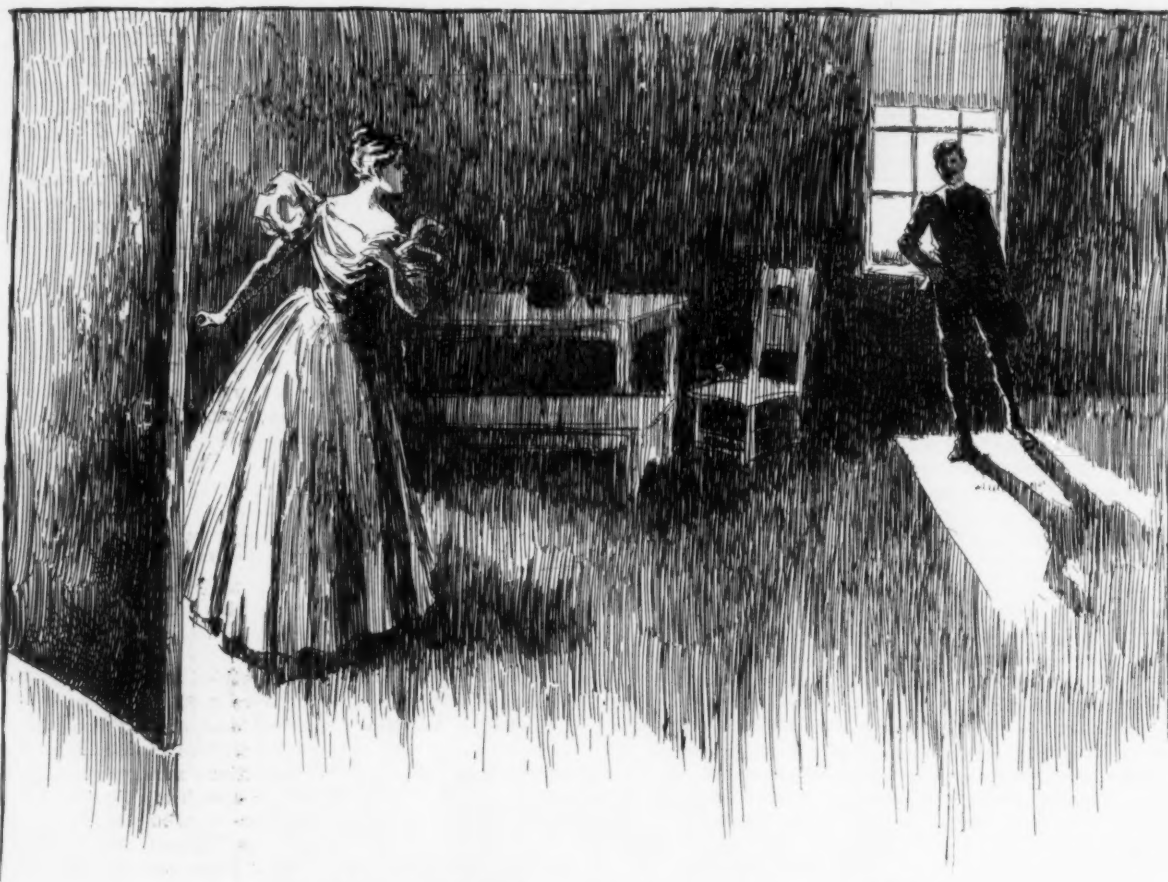
"Oh, John! dear John! I am so sorry! But—"

"I know, little one, I know. Never mind, let us forget it; and, stooping, he pressed his lips to the soft hair, and was gone.

The next day Helen heard of his departure for the West, and she knew that life would never again be the same with John gone out of it.

* * *

Years passed, till, at last, seven had gone by since the night John had bidden Helen goodbye. Seven long years, and they had been long enough for Helen to find that fame is not always to be had for the asking. She grew wearied of her "mission," hard and thankless as it oftentimes was, and she found herself often thinking of John. When some beautiful picture of domestic happiness was shown to her, she always found herself dreaming of a home of her own; and, strange to say, John always was a part of that dream. Well, she had paid the full price for her folly, and now she had neither fame nor love—nothing but a lonely future before her. One day a letter came from an old schoolmate in the West. She had disgusted Helen by marrying an army officer and going out to the Western frontier to live. And now she had written to Helen to come to her. "You are all alone, Helen, dear, and you can come just as well as not. I am just homesick for the



"She had just reached it when she saw a figure she knew, standing in the moonlight."

sight of your face. Of course, my husband is the dearest man in the world, but you know that even a husband cannot take the place of mother, sister and friends. So, my dear, you must come at once, for I shall not take 'no' for an answer."

Helen decided to go at once, and was soon on the way. She reached her destination in due time, and was welcomed with little shrieks of delight from her friend. Everything was so new, so strange! Helen decided that she would enjoy it, at least as much as she could enjoy anything now. The morning after her arrival she arose early and went out in the barracks-yard for a little stroll. Turning the corner, she came face to face with John Stanton. She turned white, then colored with delight. "Oh, John!" she gasped, reaching out her hand. But John greeted her quite composedly, inquiring after her health in the most conventional way. He was very friendly, but nothing more.

"I did not know you were here," murmured poor Helen, after an embarrassing pause.

"Neither did I know you were here," John answered, smilingly; "so it is a mutual surprise."

A few more words, and John excused himself. Poor Helen! She had dreamed, all these years, of sometime meeting John, but, oh, how different the meeting of her dreams from the reality! She entered the barracks, little suspecting that the merry eyes of her friend had been watching her.

"Ah, Helen! little do you suspect that I know your secret, and that your coming here is a conspiracy in which that husband of mine and I are prime movers. Never mind; you'll commit the supreme folly yet, as we all do," and she laughed merrily at the thought.

Alas for whatever hopes Helen may have cherished, however; for, although she and John met constantly, he never offered to overstep the bounds of friendship.

Christmas day came, and all was excitement at the barracks, for great preparations were in progress for a Christmas-tree, to be followed by a ball. All the finery was resurrected, for each one was bent on making the most of this one occasion for display.

The Christmas-tree was loaded with presents for all, from private to commanding officer. No, not for all, for no one had remembered John. His friends in the East had evidently forgotten him, and those here had nearer and dearer friends to remember. How Helen's heart ached as she heard name after name called, without hearing the one name in all the world to her! It was shameful, she declared to herself, and she wished she had remembered him with some memento, however trifling.

It was soon over, and the dancing began with all the laughing, jesting and flirting that forms the necessary accompaniment. Helen's heart was too heavy to allow her to enjoy the merriment. What were all the partners in the ball-room to her, when the one man necessary to her happiness was absent? When the revel was at its height, she stole away to grieve by herself. How hard it was! John so near, and yet as far as though worlds divided them! Oh, if she could only have the opportunity, just for one moment, that she once threw away! But it was her own fault, and she must bear it.

Passing through a side door she sought a quiet corner in a distant room. She had just reached it when she saw a figure she knew, standing in the moonlight. Her heart beat so fast that it nearly suffocated her. Propriety bade her turn back; love urged her on. All the hunger, the loneliness, the pent-up love of the past years, crowded upon her resistlessly. And he looked so lonely, so sad, standing there apart from all others, that her heart ached to caress him—as a mother comforts a grieved child. It was more than Helen could bear, and, stepping

quickly to his side, she flung her arms about him, sobbing, "Oh, John, I want you so!"

John looked down at the convulsed little figure in astonishment. Then, quickly realizing what it meant, he clasped her in his arms as if he would never again let her out of their safe shelter, and, raining kisses on the shining hair, he was at last content. It was all right now. Helen had found that which is better than fame—the love of a true heart.

When, a few weeks later, John placed a plain gold ring on the little hand and reminded her that it was a fetter, the sign of submission to man's tyranny, she placed her hand upon his lips and whispered, "I love my fetters!"

Years after, she would say to him: "I do not suppose I should ever have offered myself to you, but I wanted to give you a Christmas gift, for everyone else forgot you, you know. And, besides, you would never ask me again; so, what could I do?"

In all the happy years that followed, Helen never regretted that her life was sheltered and blessed by the love of a commonplace man—who was, nevertheless, her loved king.

NACHTLIED.

[Translations from Goethe.]

Thou Spirit who of heaven art,
All pain and sorrow stilling,
Within the doubly-grieving heart
A double gladness filling,
With turmoil, O, I am oppressed!
What means life's measure
Of pain and pleasure?—
O come, sweet Peace, within my breast!

"UBER ALLEN GIFFELN."

Over each summit's brow
Rest bideth now;
Scarce stirs the breeze,
And hushed the song
Of birds in forest trees,
Wait only, thou,—
Thou too shalt rest ere long.

W. B. MOER.



Covering a Writing-Table.

If you have an ordinary writing-table you will find it a good plan to cover the top with black velvet. Ink spots do not show, and papers, letters, etc., do show up well upon its surface. Black velvet is as becoming to a brightly furnished sitting-room as a patch upon my lady's cheek.

Late Styles in Hair.

The latest change in hairdressing is the full, loose effect around the nape of the neck. The hair is waved on a large iron to make it stand out, arranged very loosely, and the ends are coiled quite high on the head. This affords a resting place for the hats worn tilted over the eyes.

More Truth than Poetry.

The girl who goes to a summer-resort for a husband picks up an ornamental walking-stick for a companion through life. The men who are fit for husbands are not wandering around watering-places; they are in offices and shops at home. There are several very desirable young men in Hot Springs who have never seen a summer resort, and never expect to.—*Hot Springs (Ark.) Thomas Cat.*

A New Idea.

Delicate Belleek cracker and cheese sets now shown are greatly to be desired by every housekeeper who wants to have everything new for her table. The pale-yellow flinted china, the deep-yellow cheese and the crisp, browned crackers, together with some delicious old-fashioned preserves, such as ginger, orange or peach, which are served with cheese, all go to make an attractive course for a dinner.

About Shades for Lamps.

In buying the lamp-shade, *Good Housekeeping* says, select one with the colors most becoming to the tone of the room and your own complexion. For the brunette who is a great deal at the work-table, reading or sewing, a pretty shade of yellow will enhance her charms, and for the blonde or brown-haired woman old rose is always becoming. Red is a cozy light and often makes a plain room attractive. Old rose, terra-cotta and other of the soft colors, are selected for the lamps about the room not in general use.

Fashionable Pincushions.

The empire design, which is a long and slender cushion, is the most popular. A pretty one has the cover of finest linen lawn embroidered in the tiny wreaths in rose, green and violet. The under cover is of rose satin, with a box pleating of the same trimming the sides. After the embroidered cover is put in place, side ruffles of point d'esprit lace are added, with rosettes of rose-colored "baby" ribbon at the corners and festoons at the edges.

The Twilight Hour.

Of very great value in a child's life is the twilight hour. Then is the time when the day's joys and sorrows can be discussed with the parents; then is the time for the stories to be told; then is the time for reproofs to be given quietly and explained so carefully that the child shall understand exactly wherein he

has failed in courtesy. As he grows older he will begin to see how it is that we are all servants in this weary world, and sympathy will take its part in the already formed habit of politeness. And, if our lessons take root, then a generation may come, some day, which will have no polish except the best of polish, that of the truest courtesy.

Delicious Ginger Wafers.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* says that delicious ginger wafers may be made by creaming a quarter of a pound of butter; add half a pound of brown sugar, one dessertspoonful of ground ginger, and the grated peel and juice of one lemon. Beat thoroughly, then add half a pound of flour and a pint of golden syrup; beat thoroughly and vigorously. Butter your pan, and spread the mixture in each as thin as possible and yet perfectly even and smooth. Bake in a rather brisk oven. When they are partly done, draw the pan to the oven door and roll each wafer into a tiny cylinder. This must be done very expeditiously. Then return them to the oven until they become crisp and brown.

New Fad in Table Etiquette.

Some one who poses as an authority on table etiquette, says that it is now the fashion for a hostess, in entertaining at dinner or lunch, to have everything first served to her. This is done in order that she may indicate to her guests the proper fork or spoon to use with each course, and thereby set them at ease; for there is nothing more embarrassing than to find that you have used the fork or spoon intended for another course, and in this day, when new devices are invented continually, it is really difficult to know what some of the peculiarly shaped things are for. The newest bouillon spoons have a perfectly round bowl with a flat handle. Fish forks are very broad, with short prongs. The newest ice-cream spoon is really not a spoon, but a cross between a spoon and a fork.

The Glove Mirror.

A mirror in the palm of the glove is the latest novelty. With its assistance its owner is enabled to be sure that her bonnet is on straight and also that her curls are in perfect order. She can likewise ascertain if her bow is at the most becoming angle at the proper time. All these things and a hundred others that are important from the feminine point of view, she can find out on the street without attracting the attention of passers-by, with the aid of this simple contrivance.

The inventor of this device has so arranged the little looking-glass in the palm of the glove as not to interfere with the shutting of the hand. He has likewise taken the precaution of putting it in the left-hand glove, so that when its owner shakes hands with a friend it will not be observed.

It is not the fair sex alone that will find this ingenious contrivance useful. Men are quite as vain as women, so the latter claim, and will be seen by any observer to look at themselves in every mirror they pass on the street.

How to Enjoy Good Literature.

The *Chautauquan* says that there are three distinct ways in which we may enjoy a poem: we may read it from the printed page in silence; we may listen while some one reads aloud, or listen to some one reading it while we ourselves hold the book and follow the words as they are spoken by the reader. There is also a fourth method, and that is to commit the poem to memory and to repeat it aloud. The first method is the most common and the least satisfactory, because we may be morally certain

that we are reading it pretty badly. Besides, reading in silence is unsocial, a little selfish, and not always fair to the poet or ourselves. Reading in silence misses half the charm of reading. It is not easy to carry the cadence, rhythm and musical form of the poem in the mind. Just try it. Read any good poem for the first time to yourself, and then listen to the same poem read or recited aloud by a trained reader. Now it's quite another thing. Now to the thought we add the sound of the rhyme, the swing of the rhythm, all the music of the words and all the charm of a beautiful voice. Besides all this, the reader may give a wholly new meaning to the words and thus add something to the poem we may never have found alone. As well look over the notes of a song and try to imagine how they will sound, as to read always in silence.

Etiquette of Visiting.

"One of Clara's school friends has been with us for a few weeks," said the mother of several young daughters the other day. "What a well-bred girl she is! She only left us the day before yesterday, and this afternoon's mail brought me such a charming note from her, and a book for which I had expressed a wish during her stay."

How gratified the young girl in question would have felt, had she known how her thoughtfulness was appreciated! It is a pity that all girls are not as careful in performing the obligations incumbent upon the parting guest. A breach of etiquette all too common among persons who are punctilious in many respects, is failing to write to the hostess immediately upon reaching home. The letter need not be a long one—simply an assurance of a safe return is sufficient, with a courteous acknowledgment of the kindness of the hostess.

Another young girl, upon returning from a visit to friends of comparatively short standing, thoughtlessly left behind her, among other things, a waist and a Leghorn hat. Her friends were, of course, obliged to send them to her by express. As the waist was of chiffon, and with the usual immense sleeves, and the hat large and elaborately trimmed, the process of packing was difficult. A thorough investigation of the bureau and wardrobe, before locking her trunk, would have prevented the troublesome oversight. It is the careful observance of such points as these which unfailingly distinguishes the really well-bred girl from those whose manners are merely a thin veneer of culture.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Afternoon Nap.

The frequency with which medical men are asked whether it is harmful to indulge in the "afternoon nap" is not, perhaps, surprising, for several reasons. Most persons have had experience of the seductive charms of the somnolence which has followed the comfortable ingestion of a midday or evening meal. The meal finished, the diner arranges himself comfortably in an armchair; it may be he lights a pipe or a cigar, takes up a newspaper, and prepares to make the most of the restful conditions of his mind and body. But nature soon begins to assert her sway. In time, the eyelids close, the head begins to nod, the newspaper falls from the hands, the pipe, no longer supported in the mouth, falls to the floor, and the symptoms of a nap are complete. Whether the "winks" be forty or one hundred in number, the result is the same—a short, sound sleep. Then comes the question—Is it harmful thus to fall asleep after a meal? By no means; for the very obvious reason that the process is merely a physiological one, and as such, when it occurs, is quite natural. When digestion is

in progress, nature has arranged that all the available blood in the body shall be collected in and about the digestive organs. Consequently, the blood supply to the brain falls to a low ebb, and thus sleep is easily induced. On the other hand, of course, physiologically, it is wrong for brain-work to be attempted immediately after a solid meal.—*Medical Press.*

How to Bring Up Parents.

The average new mother is fresh from the exercises and flirtations of school and the indulgences of home. Her acquirements comprise a faultless wardrobe, a thorough conversance with the latest slang, a limited repertoire of piano numbers, perhaps a knowledge of cooking, as gained in a term of theoretic lessons,

edge than any other department of life. A rational training in all the sciences would be useful in the proper care of a child, and an empirical knowledge of certain of them is necessary to the child's survival. Such elementary knowledge intuition gives. But the average mother is not only ignorant of the laws that govern the development of body, mind and soul, but she lacks a proportionate sense of her responsibility and the mental discipline that might enable her to observe, to reason, and to apply the information gathered. Nor can she hope for help from the father, who usually simply repudiates parental responsibility. Yet she cannot escape—pause to conceive the tremendous import of the words—she cannot escape making or marring her child's destiny.

and the few technical works on the subject.

In all reason, there should be some adequate means of educating men and women for the most solemn responsibility, and the most exacting duties of life. It should reach fathers as well as mothers, and the irresponsible and negligent as well as the conscientious and ambitious. How such education can be accomplished is a puzzling problem. But it must come, if mankind would realize its highest possibilities.—*Minneapolis Times.*

Our December Scrap-Book.

A seamstress should not require conveniences never heard of outside of a tailor's establishment, when sewing in a private family.

To remove coffee-stains from your linen use the yolk of one egg mixed with twenty drops of glycerine; wash off in warm water, and iron on the wrong side.

Varnish and paint-stains must first be covered with butter or sweet oil, and then rubbed with turpentine. A little chloroform will then take out any grease-stains.

French sateens will clean splendidly if put in a lather of lukewarm soap-suds in which there has been a handful of salt dissolved. Also put some salt in the rinsing water.

A bottle containing acid should have a glass stopper, as acid will soon destroy a cork stopper, but if the cork is first simmered in vaseline it will be impenetrable to all acids.

A delicious morsel is made of one pint of honey put in a frying-pan and boiled until very thick; then stir in freshly-parched corn, and mould into balls when nearly cold.

A good way to treat an unsightly stained-glass window is to cover it with a thin gauze Liberty silk curtain, shirred very full at both top and bottom, and drawn tightly and held in place with brass rods.

A creaking door is a great nuisance, but can be quickly remedied by applying a few drops of oil on the hinges. Take a feather and wet with oil—any kind of oil will do; and vaseline will also answer the same purpose.

When washing satin, or any cotton goods with a satin finish, use borax water to restore the gloss. If you are washing black material, you can prevent it from fading by the use of a little salt thrown in the water.

Broiling meats must always be done over a quick, clear fire. Chops and steaks should be turned with a knife, and on no account have a fork stuck into them when cooking, thus preventing the juices from escaping.

When setting sponge for bread or rolls, double the quantity may be made, and that not needed be kept in a cool place to prevent the dough from rising. In this way rolls may be had fresh and warm each day without setting an extra sponge. It will require a little more time to rise, but the results will be as good as if freshly set.

Fresh fruit-stains will usually yield to boiling water poured through them. Fruit-stains are often removed by rubbing the grain of the material with salt and water. Mildew and iron rust may be taken out if wet with a strong solution of tartaric acid, and hung in the sun. Lemon juice and salt will also remove iron-rust stains.

If on opening your catsup there is a leathery mold on top, carefully remove every particle of it, and the catsup will not be injured. To prevent this molding some do not fill the bottles quite to the top with catsup, but fill up with hot vinegar. If there are white specks all through the catsup, then it is spoiled. If on opening and using a part there is danger that the rest may sour, scald, and if too thick add some vinegar. Always stir in the vinegar the last thing before putting on to boil.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

and a vacuum where once lodged the rudiments of the common branches. With these intellectual qualifications, she comes to the duties of motherhood. She knows no more about the care of children than she does about the care of orchids, dynamos or race-horses. What gardener would trust his choice bulbs in her hands? What electrician would leave her in charge of intricate machinery? What horseman would give to her the reins of the least valuable of his colts? Yet she has absolute control of a delicate organism which possesses more of the elements of possibility and danger than orchids, dynamos or horses.

Is it, then, true that the care of children is simpler than the care of other wealth? On the contrary, it involves more branches of knowl-

What is she to do? What she does do is to rely upon glimmering recollections of her own childhood, the advice of old ladies and the impulse of caprice. It is only due to the forethought of Nature and her marvelous law of compensation that mankind is not ruined in the cradle.

There are mothers who waken to their responsibility. And what is the weight of their anxiety when they comprehend the duty before them, the impossibility of perfect fulfillment and the hopelessness of the search for help! There is no means of obtaining a thorough, rational and comprehensive education for the profession of parenthood. The utmost that can be done is to study the individual child, learn something of kindergarten methods, and pick up fragments of information in magazines

SPOKANE'S THIRD ANNUAL FRUIT FAIR.

By H. P. Hall.

See Rome and die, was an ancient but equivocal compliment paid to the Eternal City, as it left the reader in doubt whether or not it was designed to indicate that a person would wish to part with this life after the vision. If I were to modernize this expression I would exclaim, "See Spokane and begin to live."

"Away out West," about 1,500 miles from St. Paul, I found a bright and beautiful city—an infant in years, but with a century's advancement in metropolitan advantages and methods. A little over seven years ago, this Empire City of Western Washington encountered a blessing in disguise when its business district was swept from the earth by flame and only ashes remained to show what once had been. Just as the new Chicago rose from the ashes of 1871 and exceeded the fondest anticipation of supposed visionary dreamers, so Spokane has arisen from the ashes of 1889 and assumed proportions which make it at once attractive to the visitor and commends it to the man who wishes to combine a healthful climate, the comforts of modern life, and business opportunity.

A population of 35,000; squares of business blocks of brick and stone that are five, six, seven and eight stories in height; wide streets; metropolitan daily newspapers; a water-power of 30,000 horse-power, giving unlimited power for an electric light and street-car system; flouring-mills already in operation with 2,000 barrels daily capacity, shipping their product to all the countries of the Orient; lumber and other mills, and, withal, but a trifle of power yet in use; a central point on two transcontinental railroads as well as the terminus of railroads to

Portland on the Willamette River (practically to the Pacific Ocean) and to the Cœur d'Alene and British Columbia mining districts; in short, the business center of a mineral region more important and valuable than any other in the world, not excepting South Africa—all this, and more, is Spokane.

To see Spokane is not only to create the desire to live, but to become, as well, a participant in the prosperity and greatness which is certain to make it rank among the largest and most attractive inland cities this great country affords. To the young man just starting in life, it is the Mecca for fame and fortune; to the experienced business man it affords opportunities beyond the pent-up Utica's of the older portions of the country, and to the capitalist it



in agriculture, fruit and minerals—to make it a point in population, wealth and business, whose future I scarcely dare predict, lest it might seem the prophecy of a wild enthusiast. But in my judgment no prediction made today would be so wild that twenty-five years hence would not see it so far exceeded by the reality as to make the retrospect an apparent tame and impotent conclusion.

The reader, who from my necessarily imperfect description imagines the future, will be very apt to find, in the end, how weak even a vivid imagination can be when such a combination of nature and enterprise exists as that to which Spokane holds the key.

THE FRUIT FAIR.

My visit to Spokane was opportune in that it was during the progress of their annual fruit fair, which began October 6 and continued until October 17. It was the third attempt at such an exposition, and the progress shown in this direction in two years is simply characteristic. The fruit fair of '94 was held in a store-room 40x150, but its success was so great that



THE "IDAHO PEAR" AS GROWN BY DR. N. G. BLALOCK, OF WALLA WALLA, WASH., FROM A THREE-YEAR OLD TREE.



PLATE OF WOLF RIVER APPLES RAISED BY C. L. WHITNEY, OF WALLA WALLA, WASH., WHICH TOOK FIRST PRIZE AT THE FAIR.



PLATE OF LATE CRAWFORD PEACHES RAISED BY ROBERT NEAL, OF WILBUR, WASH.

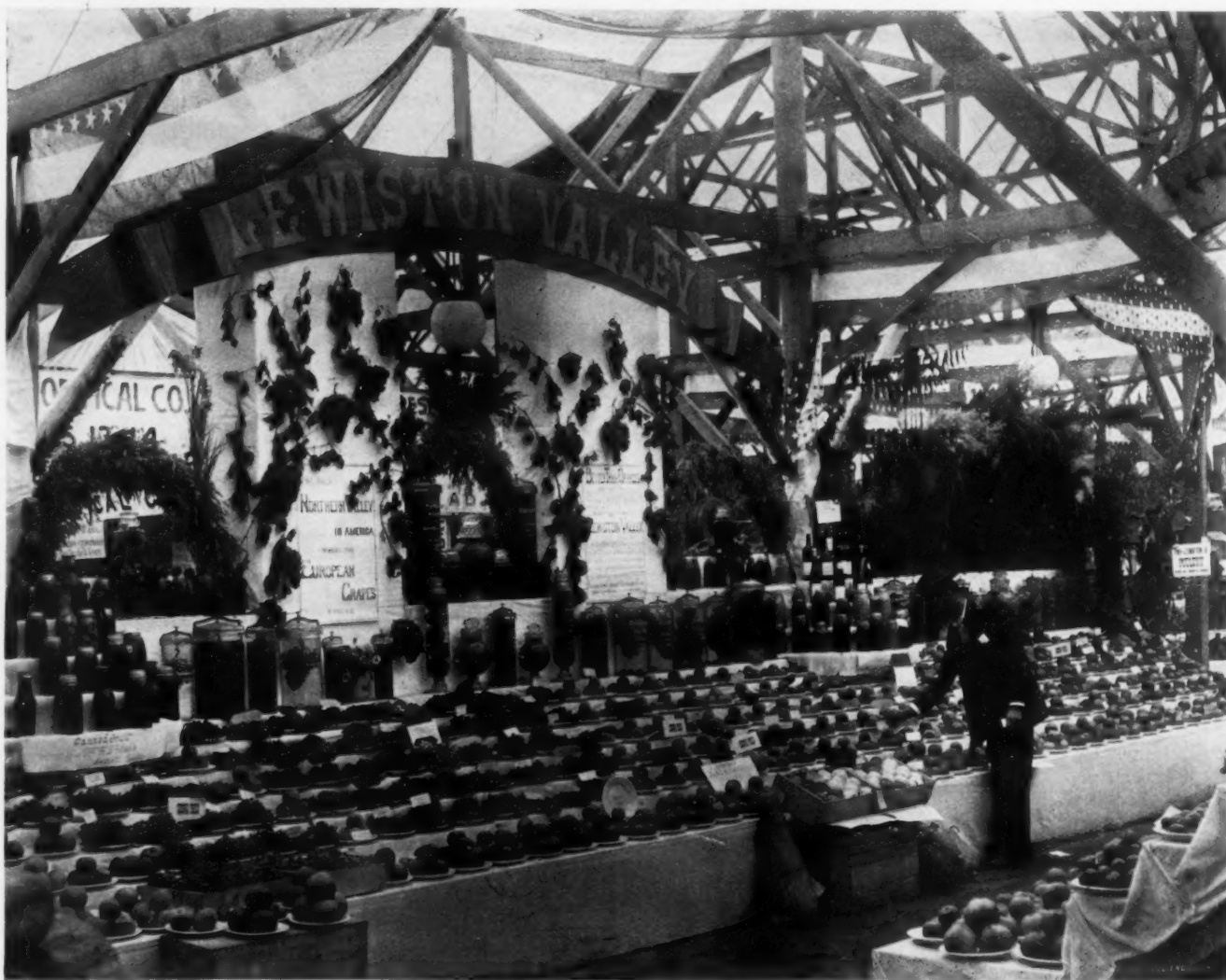
offers inducements for investment with fabulous returns assured. With a manufacturing capacity superior to Minneapolis, and a natural point of distribution equal if not superior to that of the Twin Cities, the city of Spokane, nestled between protecting hills on an expansive plain, only awaits the greater settlement of the wealthy country surrounding—wealthy

it was at once decided to make it a permanent institution and on a larger scale. Last year a skeleton frame-work was erected on a vacant lot and covered with canvas, giving a space of between nineteen and twenty thousand square feet. This year an acre of ground was covered in a corresponding manner, and every foot of space was completely occupied.

Here were grouped fruit displays from Washington, Idaho, Oregon and British Columbia. It was a display which was at once a revelation and surprise to an Eastern visitor, and a matter of congratulation and encouragement for the resident population. A few years ago I visited ten or fifteen fruit fairs in California, and, eliminating the orange display, I speak within bounds in saying that the Spokane exhibit was equaled by few and surpassed by none. The apples, grapes, peaches, apricots, cherries, prunes and plums, were simply marvels. The apples of Missouri, Michigan and New York are entirely eclipsed in this new country in size, flavor and keeping qualities. I saw apples of 1895 in an excellent state of preservation, a portion of the stock of a fruit dealer in the city, who had made no effort to protect them, but by chance had them left over from last year's crop. The grapes of California are certainly equaled, to put it modestly, and those of the East are entirely surpassed. Apples weighing from twelve to twenty ounces, pears from eight to sixteen ounces and bunches of grapes weighing from two to five pounds, were to be seen in bewildering quantities. It was a feast to inspect and a banquet to taste them.



CLUSTER OF TOKAY GRAPES RAISED BY L. A. PORTER, OF LEWISTON, IDAHO.



A CHARACTERISTIC SECTIONAL EXHIBIT OF FRUITS AND CHOICE CANNED PRODUCTS, AS SHOWN AT THE RECENT SPOKANE FRUIT FAIR.

THE NOTABLE EXHIBITS.

Four large prizes were offered for the best county or district displays of fruit. The first prize was won by Walla Walla, Wash., the display made by Dr. N. G. Blalock easily surpassing all competition. It occupied a space 32x20 feet in dimensions, and was fitted up with shelves and tables loaded with the choicest fruits. This exhibit also won a special silver trophy, valued at \$100, and offered by a Spokane jeweler. This trophy will be in competition next year; as, by the terms of the donor, the county or district must win it two years in succession to retain it permanently. Dr. Blalock and Walla Walla will therefore have to look to their laurels next year.

Whitman County, Wash., took the second in this group of leading prizes; Lewiston Valley, Idaho, the third, and the Wilbur (Wash.) Fruit Growers' Association the fourth.

Spokane and Stevens counties, Washington; Latah County, Idaho; Colville Valley, Richland Prairie, Moran Prairie, Rosalia, Wenatchee and Clackeen districts also made notable exhibits, as did numerous individuals. An especially large and commendable exhibit was that of a lady, Mrs. H. Wendler of Hauser, Idaho, who conducts the Newman Lake fruit farm. Her display of canned fruits, berries and jellies, all her own personal work, showed what an intelligent and industrious woman can accomplish.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

Every one who saw the Northern Pacific exhibition car at the Minnesota State Fair,

can readily realize that when that company makes an exhibit it surpasses all others. It was not a competitor for the prizes, because its exhibit was not of its own production nor confined to one locality. It was prepared under the general direction of W. C. Sampson, the land agent of the road at Spokane, and E. M. Burch of Whitman County. On a pyramid twenty-four feet high were arranged 300 jars of the choicest of fruits and seventy-five jars of grain. The fruit-jars contained water with a solution of acids which will preserve the fruit a long time and enable the exhibit to be shown in the East as well as locally. The display came from Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho, and represented Spokane, Yakima, Whitman, Stevens and Adams counties, Washington, and Latah and Kootenai counties, Idaho. The producers supplied the fruit and grains to the company, and Mr. Burch gave each individual credit on the jars for his product, stating the locality from which it came. The exhibit was the most artistic of any in the fair, and admirably displayed the prolific character of the sections of the country represented. The exhibi-

tion of this collection of fruits and products in the East will certainly surprise all who see it.

WILL FRUIT-RAISING PAY?

However, the great proposition of the whole matter is, does fruit-raising in that section of the country pay? Almost anywhere, by making special effort, some class of fruit can be produced in quantities and qualities that look attractive when placed on exhibition, but wherever fruit is produced commercially it



EIGHTY VARIETIES OF POTATOES RAISED BY J. T. CARROLL, OF SPOKANE, WASH.



ORCHARD SCENE NEAR SPOKANE.

must compete with other markets, and those which are most favorable in soil and climate are the ones which will win. At present, I see only one drawback to the consummation of the proposition of fruit-raising in Eastern Washington, Idaho and Oregon, and that is the question of freights. Up to this date that is not a serious problem, and I believe that, by the time it becomes one, it will regulate itself. The local demand is far greater than the supply. The mining-camps are great consumers of fruit, and therein lies another rich and profitable market. As the country grows and other fruit-raisers come upon the scene, there will also be a corresponding increase of consumers; so that possibly one will keep pace with the other and there will be but little demand for distant shipments. Certainly that country can compete with California in the Eastern markets, and is already doing so. The fruit is sold in moderate quantities in the Twin Cities; and, on visiting a wholesale fruit house at Grand Forks, N. D., on my return trip, I found

large quantities of Eastern Washington and Idaho fruit on sale there, and was assured that it found the most ready customers of any goods handled in that market.

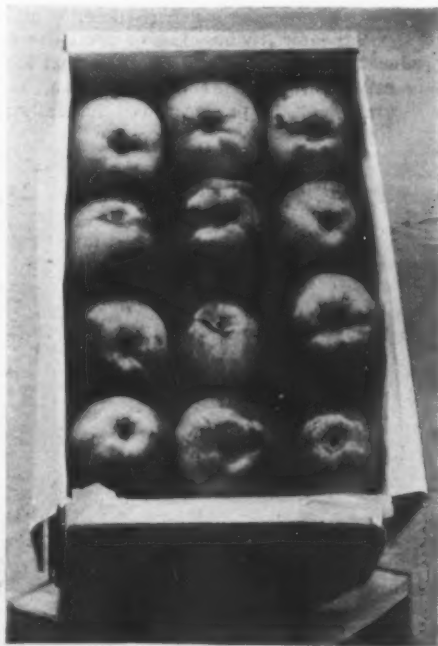
The quality is so superior that the fruit demands higher prices than fruit from other localities, and consequently no outside competitor can come in locally and obtain a solid foothold. The different altitudes at which this fruit is raised makes a prolonged season for marketing the product. Whitman County, for instance, which adjoins Spokane and is one of the greatest producing fruit regions in the State, has an elevation of 2,200 feet; while Lewiston, Idaho, also an excellent fruit region, has an altitude of 650 feet, and fruit at Lewiston ripens some months earlier than in Whitman County. Spokane has an altitude of 1,850 feet, and the apples raised in that county are of the choicest and soundest variety, it having been demonstrated that a low altitude is not so conducive to the production of sound and long-keeping fruit. Walla Walla, too, 130 miles

from Spokane, is a famous fruit-producing region, and products from that section of the State have gained such a reputation that they command purchasers at prices which enables Walla Walla to compete with local fruit-raisers in distant portions of the country. It can be stated truthfully that the fruit season, in its products and marketing, continues the entire year. Strawberries, cherries, apricots, peaches, etc., rank among the earliest fruits, but long before they are gone the apple harvest has begun, a harvest which continues until so late in the season that the dealers are still marketing when the earlier fruits begin to mature the following year. The pears rank about the same as the apples, so far as the season is concerned, and no other section of the country produces such luscious and long-keeping fruit of that variety.

The statement that \$100 per acre can be netted in raising fruit, year in and year out, is entirely within bounds. Take the case of peaches, pears and apples. They plant eighty trees to the acre, and a very moderate crop yields five boxes to the tree. Placing the profit at the moderate sum of twenty-five cents per box,—which it never gets below, and is oftener much higher,—and the net income is \$100 per acre. Profits frequently reach \$150 to \$200 per acre, and I was told in detail of cases where they had run as high as \$500 per acre; but, of course, the latter figure would not be fair to assume as normal. If I make any error at all in placing the average at \$100 net profit per acre, it is in figuring it too low, but I prefer to make a statement which will be more than borne out by the actual facts when new-comers make the test of practical experience.

THE PRUNE INDUSTRY.

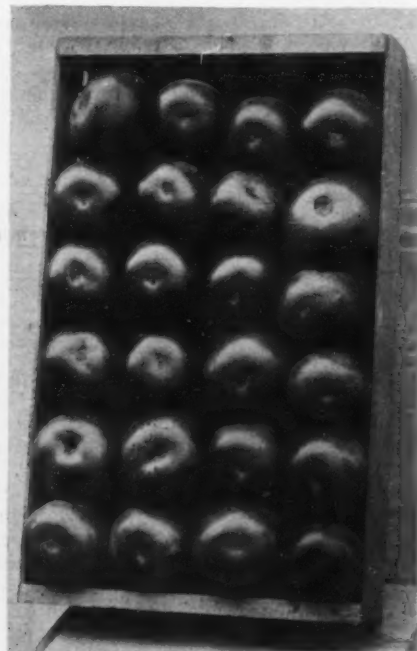
Greater profits than the figures I name can be secured by an intelligent conduct of a fruit farm and the diversifying of the fruit, giving a longer period for marketing and an opportunity for taking advantage of the different states of the market by not having a glut of one variety. Perhaps the most attractive and most profitable crop in all that locality is that of prunes. Certain it is that those they produce cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world. When it is considered that 17,000,000 pounds of prunes are imported from France



BOX OF WOLF RIVER APPLES GROWN BY DR. N. G. BLALOCK, OF WALLA WALLA, WASH.



BUNCH OF CELERY RAISED BY M. LEIBRECHT, GARDEN SPRINGS, SPOKANE CO., WASH.



BOX OF IMPERIAL TOMATOES GROWN BY H. W. SPARKS, OF KETTLE FALLS, WASH.



EXHIBIT OF PUMPKINS, SQUASHES, AND CUCUMBERS.



IN A YAKIMA VALLEY ORCHARD.

every year, selling at fifteen to twenty cents per pound, some idea of the possibilities in that direction may be obtained. There is no reason why there should be a single pound of prunes imported into this country. The region of country I am writing about produces French, Italian and Hungarian prunes which can more than successfully compete with any foreign country. The climate is neither too hot nor too cold, neither too wet nor too dry, and the fruit matures with a most luscious flavor.

A large portion of the prunes, too, in the general market, are not even fit to eat. Dealers in the large cities buy refuse stock from less-favored portions of the country than this Western region, paying one and one-half to two cents per pound. These they submit to a process, and put them on the market as choice fruit. They make a mixture of hot water and glycerine, with proportions of two or three ounces of glycerine to about ten gallons of water, and, putting the refuse prunes in a cage, drop them into this solution, where the water carries away the visible imperfections and the glycerine glosses them. They are then dried and handsomely boxed and offered to the public. This class of fruit, so doctored, becomes the standard boarding-house prune, while in Spokane the choice and genuine article realizes six cents a pound as against the fifteen or twenty cents paid for the French importations. Another advantage enjoyed by the section of the country I am writing of, is the fact that irrigation is not required. Nature does its perfect work without artificial appliances, and there is nothing artificial which can compete with nature.

THE UNIVERSITY.

That the State of Washington proposes to induce her citizens to engage in fruit-raising in an intelligent manner, is illustrated by the university she has established at Pullman, in Whitman County, in the eastern corner of the State. The university has thirteen departments, with over three hundred students and twenty-three instructors. Two of the departments are agriculture and horticulture, Professor John A. Balmer being in charge of the horticultural department. Professor Balmer makes it his business to visit all sections of the State and investigate what is being done in the line of fruit-raising, and he is thus enabled to impart to fruit-raisers the experience of other fruit-growers and thus, from actual experience, bring about the most intelligent methods for prosecuting this great industry. In support of this work there is a Government fund of \$25,000 per year drawn from the Moral fund and \$15,000 from the Hatch fund—a total of \$40,000 which

the Government furnishes, which, with the additional aid given by the State, constitutes the foundation that has been laid for the purpose of educating the people in the production of fruit and cereals adapted to the climate, the value of which cannot be foretold or even estimated.

THE MINERAL DISPLAY.

While this is styled a Fruit Fair, it is in reality a combination of fruit and minerals. Spokane has a vigorous Mining Association, and under the direction of the secretary, Mr. L. K. Armstrong, a mineral exhibit was made which needs to be seen to realize, even in the

the Cedar Canyon District that run from sixty to 200 ounces per ton, and a very valuable lead ore from the Egypt District in the same county. The Old Dominion mine from this county had samples of silver and lead running as high as 5,000 ounces of silver per ton. Copper ore from a mine near Loon Lake, in this same county, was exhibited which yields twenty-three to fifty per cent copper. There were samples of slate and marble from the same county, which shows the versatility as well as the value of the productions which nature has stored in that section.

Of course, the Cœur d'Alene District, Idaho, eighty-five miles from Spokane, was very much in evidence. There were samples from the Standard mines, producing sixty ounces of silver to the ton, and sixty per cent of lead; the Mammoth, Frisco, Gem, Morning, You Like, and many others from that region too numerous to enumerate. A large number of other mines from the Idaho district were represented, the yields running from \$8.00 to \$20.00 per ton. Latah County of that State not only furnished gold ore exhibits, but supplied samples of gypsum, plaster of paris, and Muscovite mica. The mica mines are being worked successfully, and the specimens exhibited were very fine. There is a wide range in the price of this product. It commands from twenty-five cents to \$6 per pound, a fact which shows the choice character of the mica. One instance was cited where mica brought \$30 per pound. Rich copper ore was also exhibited from Idaho.

Montana displayed gold, silver and lead ores from the Yahk District in Flathead County, and copper ore from the St. Regis District.

There were also gold and copper exhibits from the recently opened Colville Indian Reservation, which may possibly prove to be one of the richest mining regions in the entire country. Whitman County, Washington, furnished fine samples of onyx, and Kootenai County, Idaho, sent from the Pend d'Oreille District valuable specimens of silver.

In my notice of the mineral exhibit I have designedly left the British Columbia region to the last; but, instead of being the least, the indications are that that region will prove a source of greater mineral wealth than any other mines on this continent or even in the world. Mining men at Spokane are giving more attention to the British Columbia region than to the entire United States; and, if one-half of the stories are true, by so doing they are making more money than they could if they devoted themselves to the mines of this country. Mining men assured me that Cripple Creek and



AS THE PRUNE GROWS.

faintest degree, the wealth of that section of the country. The country people manifest great interest in the fruit display, but the residents of the city are largely absorbed in the mineral exhibit.

From the State of Washington, Okanogan County and the Methow, Twisp, Chelan, Meadow Creek and Horse Shoe Basin districts all made displays of gold, copper, silver and lead-bearing ores. The Grand Summit mine had an exhibit of one-quarter of a ton which yields \$40,000 to the ton. Stevens County made an exceptionally valuable exhibit. It had silver ore from

South Africa were but trifles compared with the wealth of that country. The Spokane and Northern Road, running 200 miles north, taps that region and makes Spokane the center of supplies. The mineral area is said to cover 400 square miles. Of course, but a small portion of it is now reached by rail and is, therefore, largely unavailable for profitable mining, owing to the difficulty of transporting machinery and supplies. This will unquestionably be overcome in a very short time.

The English, and especially the Canadians, are becoming a little jealous over the American occupation of their soil, for at present nearly all the mines worked are owned by residents of the United States. They are not jealous on account of the personality of the United States, but because they think the wealth of their own country ought to be secured by their own people; and all through Canada, especially at Toronto, parties are looking in that direction, purchasing actual and supposed mines. Between the rush from the two countries, thousands upon thousands will flock to that section within the next twelve months. As usual, many will be disappointed, but the exhibit made at the Spokane Fruit Fair and the official statement of assays and general information therein given, show that the wealth is there and that the addition of gold and silver to the wealth of the world as a result of the British Columbia developments bids fair to be something enormous.

LOOKING FORWARD AND BACKWARD.

It is in part the development which is sure to follow such great mineral deposits that leads me to say that, at no distant day, I look to see Spokane larger than either of the Twin Cities. Many of her own citizens are sanguine enough to assume the belief that it will be larger than the Twin Cities combined, but I look for a realization of my more conservative estimate within the next twenty or twenty-five years, a period of time which does not seem so long to those of us who look back to the earlier days of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

OTHER EXHIBITS.

While fruit was the leader and minerals a good second, it must not be supposed that that was all there was to the fair. There were notable exhibits of grain and vegetables, and the Poultry Show Annex, which attracted much attention, was highly commended by experts. The Fourth United States Infantry Band of Ft. Sherman, Idaho, was present at the outset of the fair, and, later, the Sixteenth Infantry Band, which had been sent to the same fort, took its place. There was the usual outside show attractions to such exhibits, and the attendance at times ran as high as 8,000. The total attendance was 56,031, and financially and every way the fair was so great a success that a permanent building is now contemplated for future exhibits. The president, John A. Finch, and the secretary and manager, Frank W. Smith, proved well qualified for their posts.

The climate of that region, as illustrated during the time of the fair, is especially worthy of notice. The fair was held in a canvas-covered structure—practically, so far as warmth is concerned, out of doors. Though it was in the middle of October, there was no discomfort. At the same time the fall horse-race meeting was in progress and several match-games of baseball, all of which were liberally attended. A meteorological table for a period of ten years, shows the mean temperature of forty-eight degrees; the largest rainfall during that period was twenty-two inches and the smallest 13.46. The average number of cloudy days were 146, which shows that the rainy season is not depressing as at points nearer the Coast. This fact is due to the climate being colder. While

it is anything but severe, the thermometer goes to, and sometimes a little below, zero, and sleighing is occasional for a short time during almost every winter. The warm winds melt the snow rapidly, and, owing to the lack of excessive heat, irrigation is not required. Ploughing is continued well into December, and the month of March is one of the most lovely in the year. Spokane seems to take the prize as a happy mean for climate, as well as for fruit and mineral displays.

When it is remembered that our statesmen in the early 40's were only prevented from relinquishing what now comprises the States of Washington, Idaho and Oregon to Great Britain in exchange for fishing privileges off Newfoundland, by the heroic and almost superhuman efforts of Dr. Marcus Whitman, the Indian missionary, some idea can be formed of how little was known of the wealth of that Western empire. That was half a century or more ago. In my judgment, those who are here at the end of the next half-century and look back to 1896, will consider that we of today have as little knowledge of the real value of that territory as we now think Tyler, Clay and Webster had in 1843, when Whitman implored them to save the land for future generations.

THE DESERT CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

EDITOR NORTHWEST MAGAZINE:

When I submitted an article upon the desert climate cure for consumption and throat diseases, in your August issue, I stated in the same that I trusted the article would arouse comment and criticism, for the reason that from discussion would come the truth, and thereby many thousands of sufferers might be benefited. I note in your November number an article from W. L. Woodruff, M. D., criticising my statement that, while the Gila River Valley of Arizona was an ideal climate for consumption, its summers were somewhat uncomfortable on account of the physical discomforts of living in a heat which is frequently above 100°. In this Doctor Woodruff takes the issue that summer heat in a dry climate is entirely bearable and comfortable at temperatures above 100°, and he tacitly assumes that in writing my article I was not informed upon this subject. In this the doctor is mistaken.

It is true that a temperature of 100°, where the air is largely devoid of humidity, is as comfortable as a temperature of 76 or 80° where the air is loaded with moisture, and much more healthful; nevertheless, even in the driest air a temperature above 100° is still hot to the sensations; not, it is true, in the oppressive and choking manner of our Mississippi Valley hot, humid summer days, but it cannot be truthfully claimed that the summer climate of the Gila Valley, even with its absence of moisture, is enjoyable. An excessively dry air causes a rapid evaporation of moisture from the body. In the process of turning the perspiration into vapor, vast amounts of heat are changed from heat to energy. This process causes the temperature of the body to fall so rapidly that a temperature of 100°, especially if there is a slight wind blowing, is quite bearable. Still, I would not especially advise consumptives to go to the Gila River Valley during the months of June, July, August and September. I consider the climate an ideal one for consumptives during other months of the year. In referring to this matter I have no real estate or schemes to promote, nor, I presume, has the doctor; and in discussing it I propose to do so entirely upon merit, and not to further the interests of any section or sections.

If consumptives would go to the Desert of Sahara or to any other absolute desert in the

world, they would derive the same benefit. It is only within a year or so that European doctors of advanced knowledge have been sending their patients, not to Nice and Mentone in the south of France, nor to Algiers (for in all those climes, even though there may be much sunshine, the air at all times contains entirely too much humidity to be of the best benefit to consumptives), but clear out to Biskra in the Desert of Sahara; and I was told that, last winter, over 5,000 consumptives were colonized on the edge of that vast waste of aridity.

In all this controversy I wish to lay down as a primary rule, that evenness of temperature is not at all the prime requisite for consumptives. It is the absence of moisture from the air, not only of rainfall, but of moisture in the air in a state of vapor or humidity. Many places, like Southern California, have no rainfall in the summer, yet they are not desirable for consumptives, for the reason that vast quantities of moisture, in the shape of invisible humidity, are continually blown across the land from the Pacific Ocean by the sea breezes. All that part of California west of the Coast Range has one of the highest percentages of mortality from consumption of any part of the United States; and, is it not a commentary on lack of medical knowledge, that doctors will persist in sending thousands of people to this dangerous climate, under the mistaken idea that evenness of temperature is a requisite for curing consumption, instead of absence of humidity? People on the Coast who understand this, laugh at Eastern doctors. I do not for a moment desire to say that people have not received benefit in Southern California. On the contrary, many have; nevertheless, the rule remains that it is a dangerous place to send a person who is afflicted with consumption. Oftentimes consumptives are benefited by a mere change of locality, even by going to a worse one.

I have just returned from a month's trip to the Columbia River Valley in the desert of the State of Washington. While there I again made most minute inquiries, and found that at elevations below 500 feet, where desert conditions were complete, diseases of the throat and lungs were practically unknown. At higher elevations, where rainfall and humidity increased, there was some throat trouble, but not to a noticeable degree. I reiterate my statement, that a fuller knowledge of the proper climates for consumption and diseases of the lungs and throat will result in the Gila River Valley of Arizona becoming the great winter resort for consumptives, and the Columbia River and Yakima Valley, in the Washington desert, in becoming the great summer resort for that class of diseases. I do not, however, claim that patients in either locality will not receive benefits at all seasons, for they will. And I again reiterate the claim, that, in my opinion, a purely desert climate, free from both rainfall and a high degree of humidity in the air, is practically a specific for the diseases named; and if we can educate the doctors of the Eastern States to the point where they will begin to study this question, I shall feel, though I am but a layman, that we have conferred the greatest benefit upon thousands of sufferers who need information upon this subject.

DAVID R. MCGINNIS.

THE THEATER HAT IN LOUISIANA.—Louisiana recently passed a law against the theater hat. The women rebelled, at first, and declared that they would not obey it; but when it came to the test, they submitted gracefully, and now everything is lovely. There are more women seen at the theaters in New Orleans this season than ever before, and they all take off their hats to the new law. This is hopeful.]

THE FINLANDERS IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

BY MAE VAN NORMAN.

Finland is called the "land of lakes and marshes," and the Finns who have settled in Northern Minnesota have found a home which, in many respects, is not unlike their native land. The country around New York Mills, a little lumbering village on the Northern Pacific which seems to be a sort of Mecca for the Finns, is low and marshy, and there is no dearth of lakes and rivers. Tall pine-trees rear themselves skyward, and the whole aspect of the land is rude and not without a certain picturesque charm. The climate in this State is likewise similar to that of Finland. New York Mills is a fine point for hunting deer, ducks and partridges, the fishing is good, and the Finn can live much as he would on his native soil.

The farms in this locality yield thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, which speaks well for the industry of the Finlanders who own them. The country about Paddock, a Finnish settlement sixteen miles from the village of New York Mills, was originally thickly interspersed with pine stumps. They have been grubbed out, however, until only a comparative few remain, and they are being removed rapidly. The whole country is assuming a prosperous appearance, and the outlook for the farmer is encouraging.

Some three miles south of Paddock I stopped at a farmhouse which had a particularly inviting appearance. Some sheep were huddled together in an enclosure near the road, and a little Finnish girl, with a red handkerchief over her flaxen head, stood at the gate stroking the nose of a sorrel horse, which was neighing for admittance. I spoke to the child. She gave me the sly, confiding glance so peculiar to childhood, and answered in very fair English. She had the characteristic courtesy of her race, and invited me to enter the house. I found the inmates apparently well to do. The building was a three-room, one-story affair built of logs, and every appointment within was of the most primitive order. The walls were of rough plaster, wooden settles stood around an open fireplace, and a quaint, drowsy-looking clock stood on a rude shelf fixed against the wall. I saw here a peculiar churn, about ten inches in diameter, one side of which was higher than the other and ran up, forming a handle. I can not describe the mechanism of this churn, because I did not have an opportunity to see it in operation. It will always remain a mystery to me how any satisfactory result could be attained from the use of so crude a machine.

I learned that these people have a strange manner of taking their meals, there being no regular time for them. The table is always laid, and the coffee—for they are inveterate coffee drinkers—is always to be found on the stove. They drink this with salt as well as with sugar. Coffee, fish and bread constitute the daily bill of fare. They bake their bread in a round loaf about an inch thick. It is made without yeast, but it is white and, though coarse, is not unpalatable.

The inmates of this farmhouse were very courteous, the children speaking English fairly well. Indeed, these Finns are fast becoming Americanized. The school in Paddock is an American school. The minister at New York Mills told me that the facility the children displayed in the study of the Bible was wonderful. The Finns are not exclusive in their belief. The Lutheran creed is the prevailing one in Fin-

land, but the Finns in this country are followers of one Laes Levi Laestadius, whose belief differs from the Lutherans in that he advocates confession of sins, somewhat as the Methodists do. The difference, however, is very slight.

In appearance, the typical Finn is short of stature, with broad shoulders, fair hair, prominent blue eyes, and a ruddy complexion which comes from frequent bathing, a simple diet of fish and bread, and much out-of-door exercise.

One of the most curious of their institutions is the bath-house. In New York Mills there are four of these, which are thrown open to the townspeople on Wednesday and Saturday evenings of each week. The bath-house I visited was a building, constructed of rough boards, resembling a Dakota shack, and consisted of three rooms. The main one, where the bath is given, is a small room that is as dark as a cave and which contains a brick furnace, some four or five feet square, with a flat top which is heaped high with stone. There is a trap-door just above this in the roof, an impromptu-looking seat of rough boards, and a barrel of water. On the evenings specified this furnace is filled with wood and heated to a certain degree. The water is then thrown over the stones, and this causing a vapor to arise. The bather is given small whips of twigs and leaves bound together, which he uses in order to induce perspiration. The little trap in the roof is used to regulate the steam, and to permit the smoke to escape should it get too thick. From a hygienic standpoint, this bath is without an equal, and no doubt the Finns owe their rugged physique to the frequent use of it, many families using it as often as once a day. Adjoining the bath-room are two dressing-rooms, one for the women, the other for the men. The Americans in New York Mills have become devotees of this custom, and I found that the bath-houses are well patronized by them.

There are many poetical and romantic phases in the life of the Finlanders. One characteristic that appealed to me especially is their love for the birds, as evinced in the numerous bird-houses they have erected for the feathery songsters. In every yard one will see two to five bird-houses, reared high on poles, and around them fluttering throngs of swallows, whose names, even, these people cannot pronounce, but who are cared for thus humanely because of the hospitable Finnish heart.

The majority of Finns in this country belong to the peasant class. The Finns, as a people, are remarkably intelligent. They have their poets, their musicians, and actors who rank high in the world of art. Longfellow is said to have adapted the style of his "Hiawatha," with the peculiar rhythm of which every one is acquainted, from a book of ancient Finnish poems called "Kalevala." Indeed, he confessed to being strongly impressed by it, and his predilection for the old Norse and Finnish legends is well known. The Finns, however, do not accuse Longfellow of plagiarism. "Kalevala" is a collection of poems made by Elias Lönnrot, professor of languages and a very eminent litterateur of Finland. His picture is prominent in all the leading Finnish periodicals, and he is highly revered and admired in his own and in other countries. Another author whose novels have been translated into English and are widely read, is Fachari Topelius; and J. A. Antilla is a Finnish writer in America who has written many dainty verses from Oregon.

In music, also, the Finns excel. An instrument much in vogue among them is the Kantelet, which looks not unlike the auto-harp, but is held upright on the lap while being played. Their national air, "Our Land," is translated and is known in this country.

The first Finns came to Northern Minnesota

about twenty years ago. They have taken possession of the country about Paddock and New York Mills, and stamped it with their individuality. One is surprised to find how un-American this section of our State has become. A newspaper in the Finnish language, with a circulation of four thousand, is published at New York Mills by two enterprising Finlanders. The editor is a highly-educated man, a good conversationalist—who speaks English almost as well as if it were his mother tongue, and is thoroughly conversant with the affairs of this country and his native land.

The Finns are desirous of becoming good American citizens, and are rapidly leaving old ways to adopt our customs. It is only in an occasional farmhouse that one has an opportunity to study the primitive mode of life of these interesting people. In a typical Finnish parlor, bright with highly-colored pictures, I saw a novel heating apparatus, the use of which has now become almost obsolete among these people—more's the pity; for it is very beautiful, made as it is of pure white porcelain tiles, without a blemish on its shining surface. It is built in the house like a chimney, extends some two feet out into the room, and is four feet in width and runs from the floor to the ceiling. It is made of brick. The porcelain tiles, some twelve inches square, are put on over this and set in cement—as the tiling is set around the mantels in our parlors today. The door is at the base of the structure and is a small one, not larger than one of the tiles. This is the only break in the long expanse of gleaming white, for the tiny damper at the side is not noticeable, and one looking at it would be at a loss to conjecture what purpose it was intended to serve.

The fire-box is small, and one is surprised to find no air draught at the top; but, on examination, it is found that small iron pipes are connected with it at the sides and run upward to the chimney. The fire is not kept up continuously; it is built twice a day and allowed to die out; the stove retains the heat. The tiles that finish the top of this quaint heater where it touches the ceiling, are carved with odd figures and are set forward to form a cornice. Altogether, the effect was very pleasing and, somehow, in keeping with the simple room with its white walls and the placid, kindly face of the woman with whom I talked. This woman's face was a typical Finnish one. It had high cheek bones, fair hair, prominent blue eyes and a gentle, thoughtful expression. She belonged to the better class of Finns, and her manner betokened no little refinement.

Some of the children are wonderfully pretty, and the red handkerchiefs which the girls wear tied over their flaxen heads, make them look like the peasant children we are so familiar with in paintings by the old masters. The women wear these handkerchiefs also, but otherwise there is nothing distinguishing in their dress.

A stay of a few days in the vicinity of New York Mills is fraught with a great deal of interest to the student of human nature, who will find there odd types of character and peculiar customs, and who will meet with unfailing courtesy from these foreigners who have converted that section of Minnesota into a second Finland, and live there as contentedly as if it were in truth the "land of lakes and marshes," on the beauties of which they never weary of dilating. They are proud of their native land, and loyal to this, the land of their adoption. In their coming to America we have nothing to deplore. They are not only intelligent, but their integrity is unimpeachable; and the typical Finn has qualities of heart and brain which many would do well to emulate.



Oregon's Silk-Worm Colony.

Professor Kanematz's silk-worm colony—comprising over 80,000 worms—at Coquille, Oregon, has concluded its cocoon spinning. The professor says the work has been done much quicker and better this season than before, and, if anything, the cocoons are better also. He has strong hopes of establishing a great and successful industry.

A Valuable Canal.

The main irrigation canal on the Yakima Reservation, which extends for a distance of fourteen miles and covers a large area of choice land, is now completed and carrying water. In every way the undertaking has proven successful. No irrigation work in this State has been so economically carried out, nor have better results been obtained for a corresponding expenditure.—*North Yakima (Wash.) Herald.*

Brick Made of Sawdust and Clay.

Brick, made half of clay and half of sawdust, is a notable local industry in Deseronto, Canada. It is said that this brick possesses some remarkable qualities for structural purposes. It is absolutely fire-proof, has a marked deadening effect when employed for partition walls in houses, is warm, dry, and very light in weight, and will stand a prodigious strain. Sawdust is being utilized in so many ways that it is difficult to predict what it may not yet be used for.

A Ruling on Mineral Land.

Under a recent ruling of the Commissioner of the General Land Office it is held that the term "mineral land" in the land laws of the United States refers only to those lands containing metalliferous ores, and does not refer to deposits of such substances as rock, chalk, kaolin, gypsum, petroleum, fire-clay and other similar minerals. The decision is far-reaching in effect. There have been a number of attempts in this State and elsewhere in the Northwest to enter lands on which were deposits of marble, fire-clay and other minerals as mineral lands. The commissioner says:

"Under the act of July 4, 1866, it was not contemplated that any mineral deposits should be open to exploration and purchase except metalliferous mineral of the character specifically designated by the statute, and hence the term 'other valuable deposits,' as it appears in the statute, must be held to refer to and embrace deposits of mineral of like character as those enumerated in the preceding words of the statute."

Minnesota Horticulture.

The progress in horticulture in the Northwest during the last half-dozen years, says the *Northwestern Farmer*, of St. Paul, is something remarkable. Many who used to believe apple-growing impossible in this climate are now convinced that apples may be raised here for export, and it is well ascertained that an abundance of plums, far superior in flavor to California fruit, can be grown here with ordinary care and cultivation. More experienced men agree that the best time to order trees is in the

fall, heeling them in, or rather buying them for the winter. The orders are more carefully filled at a time when business is not rushing, and the trees are on the ground ready to be set the moment the ground is ready in the spring, a very important point. In actual experience the early-set trees make a far better growth the first year, and suffer less from mid-summer and winter drouth than spring-delivered and later-set trees.

The German Baptists at Carrington, N. D.

The land department of the Northern Pacific Railway Company has issued, in very attractive form, an illustrated account of the dedication of the German Baptist church at Carrington, N. D., last September, a full account of which was given in this magazine at the time. The prettiest souvenir publication from the land department, however, is entitled "A Glimpse at the German Baptist (Dunkard) Colony at Carrington, North Dakota." This colony was established April 9, 1896, and the little brochure in question is in reality an album which contains lovely half-tone views of the German Baptist church and congregation and of the general progress that has been made in town and on the farms by the colonists. The establishment of this large and prosperous colony of German Baptists at Carrington is due entirely to the Northern Pacific Railway Company, the energetic land and emigration department of which has done so much to people the Northwest with sturdy settlers.

A Model Minnesota Dairy Farm.

The rapid increase of wealth and population in Minnesota has led to remarkable development in many industries that might have languished under less encouraging circumstances. The dairy interests of the State have perhaps experienced the most rapid growth. Twelve years ago, for instance, one might have looked long and far in search of a plant like the present Montgomery Dairy Farm, which is located about three miles east of the St. Paul post-office, and on an elevation considerably higher than the city. H. Montgomery, the proprietor, can lay claim to possessing one of the most perfectly equipped dairy farms in the West.

The numerous buildings on the place occupy an acre and a half of ground, and they shelter 125 cows. Two tall windmills are used to grind feed and to draw water into the 400-barrel tank

that stands near the dwelling of the owner. They can be seen for several miles across the stretch of bottom-land to the westward, through which runs picturesque Trout Brook and the Northern Pacific and Wisconsin Central railroads. The snow-white buildings that dwarf the pretty dwelling are the most conspicuous objects of the neighborhood, as well as interesting and pleasing. The farm is frequently visited in the summer and fall by the wealthy patrons of Mr. Montgomery, who find it one of St. Paul's most charming spots, with its high, abrupt hills and beautiful landscape, seemingly far removed from a big city's smoke and noise. Mention cannot be made of all the dairying facilities that are to be seen on this farm, but a passing visit would enable any observant guest to know why Minnesota holds so high a rank among dairy States. Good care, rich grasses and the best of special foodstuffs the year round, together with modern methods and the utmost cleanliness, have forced this dairy into the leading position it occupies today.

The products of this dairy are sold to patrons on St. Anthony Hill exclusively—a patronage that can not be surpassed. Mr. Montgomery has taken about twelve years to accomplish these grand results. It is nothing new for him to capture first premiums for his products at State fairs, and he can now afford to look back, with the utmost complacency, to the time when he entered the dairy field as one of the smallest and most modest providers of milk and cream in St. Paul.

North Dakota as a Corn State.

The *Lisbon (N. D.) Gazette* is positive that the past season demonstrates conclusively that North Dakota is destined to be an important corn-producing State. "From every part of the State," it says, "our exchanges report most excellent yields of well matured corn. Such is the case in Ransom County. In every instance where corn has been properly cultivated, the yield is large and the quality good. Mr. Anderson, in the vicinity of Fort Ransom, has a field of the tallest and heaviest growth of corn that is produced outside of the biggest corn-producing regions of the South. Last week he brought to town a sample stalk of corn which measured over seventeen and a half feet in height and contained two large, well matured ears, which grew at such a height that an average-sized man, standing up in a buggy, had to



MONTGOMERY DAIRY FARM, ST. PAUL.

"One of the most perfectly equipped dairy farms in the West."

stretch his arms at full length in order to reach them. The corn is of the yellow dent variety, and the stalk, several feet from the root, is as large as a man's wrist. This stalk is only a fair sample of the entire field.

Douglas Fir for England.

Frederic Phair, of Spokane, Wash., has been on the Sound the past month for the purpose of securing lumber for the building of a log cabin for a wealthy gentleman in Hampshire, England, who saw the Idaho State building which Mr. Phair built, and was so much pleased with it that he wants an exact counterpart of it on his English estate. Mr. Phair went to England some three months ago and undertook to get the necessary material from Norway and Sweden, but concluded he could do better on Puget Sound. He found that in Norway it is difficult to find trees large enough for the required size of logs, while in this country the difficulty is in finding trees small enough. The building is to be 52x88 feet, three stories in height, and will require a cargo of about 300,000 feet, which will have to be shipped round the Horn. Mr. Phair thinks the Douglas fir preferable for such a building to anything in the old country.—*Seattle West Coast Lumberman.*

Puget Sound Lumber in South Africa.

The cargo shippers on Puget Sound are in receipt of a piece of news that is cheering and of considerable importance to the trade, says the *Portland Commercial Review*. It is the chartering of the steamer Woolwich to take a cargo of lumber from the Tacoma mill for South Africa. At first blush this might not be considered very important, but when it became known that the charter was made by Geo. Neame & Co., of London, who are back of the Lingham Line, the significance of the charter became apparent. It means that at least one steamer per month will be sent to South Africa hereafter. One year ago the Lingham Line carried 30,000,000 feet from Puget Sound for South Africa, and the trade was at its height when the Transvaal troubles arose, and Mr. Lingham, being identified with the Uitlanders, was arrested and confined in jail at Pretoria for several months. Of course his arrest, together with the unsettled state of affairs, stopped lumber shipments. Mr. Neame, however, visited South Africa several months ago to look over the situation, and the first result of his visit is the chartering of the Woolwich.

A Growing Coast Industry.

Prof. W. A. Wilcox, statistical agent of the United States Fish Commission, who has been inspecting the Pacific Coast for the last two or three months, returned recently from a trip along the Oregon Coast, as far south as Crescent City. He visited all the Coast rivers, gathering data for the next annual report of the commission. In a conversation with a reporter for the *Portland Oregonian*, the professor states that the salmon industry has become a great factor on the Pacific Coast. "Salmon," he says, "is a commodity that is readily converted into cash, and it does not require the investment of very considerable capital. I first visited the Coast eight years ago, the last time four years ago, and the development in this industry that I have noticed in each successive trip West has surprised me. Four years ago, no fish were caught for commercial purposes in the four rivers emptying into the Sound above Seattle; but canneries have since been established there, and a few months ago, when I was over there, I learned that the catch last year amounted to about 5,000,000 pounds. The importance of propagation is now being felt, and the fish commission will soon find it necessary to estab-

lish more hatcheries here. Every year the Pacific Coast is making greater and greater demands upon the fish commission."

A Promising Oregon Enterprise.

The woolen-mills at Pendleton, Oregon, are now manufacturing an excellent quality of blankets and Indian robes. The *Portland Oregonian* says that they have been inspected by gentlemen who are expert judges of such goods, and are pronounced the finest of their class ever seen in Pendleton. It furthermore says that there is a lively demand for these blankets, and that the mills will have no trouble in finding an extensive market. "In fact, the market seems to find the blankets, for the call for the goods comes from numerous quarters." This is probably the beginning of an industry that will grow to large proportions. The necessary machinery is, of course, expensive, and good patronage will alone justify the continuance of the business or the enlargement of the plant. There ought to be no difficulty, however, in finding a ready home market for all the robes and blankets that the mills can make. Enterprises of this nature are far-reaching in their effects. They encourage sheep-raising and the wool industry by creating a home demand for the products, and the money received therefor and for the manufactured output finds its way into local channels and thus adds materially to the general prosperity of the contributing territory.

Cranberry Culture in Washington.

As the population of the country increases and the people become better acquainted with the food merits of cranberries, it is noticeable that there is seldom an overproduction of the fruit and that it maintains a higher average market value than any other known product. The crop is always profitable, whether it be a short crop or a long one. Production is limited, anyway; so that, from year to year, the demand is steady and prices rule way above cost of growing and harvesting. It is knowledge of these facts, doubtless, that has induced quite a number of people in Washington to go into cranberry culture. At Long Beach, near Ilwaco, Wash., a Mrs. Chabot has a cranberry plantation which comprises thirty acres. The crop of this one plantation for the present year, according to the *Portland Oregon Agriculturist*, was nearly 10,000 bushels. It took nearly 200 pickers thirty days to gather the berries; and, although they were paid sixty-five cents per bushel, the net profit to the grower will be ample. These cranberries are in great demand, for the reason that berries grown in the Pacific Northwest are said to have a deeper color, better flavor and a more tender skin than the Eastern product. There are many good cranberry regions in Washington, and that State will no doubt cut a very important figure in the cranberry world before the turning of another decade.

Country Flour-Mills in Three States.

The *Minneapolis Journal*, always a good authority on the grain and flour outputs of the Northwest, has just taken great pains to ascertain the number of bushels of wheat used by the country mills in manufacturing flour and kept for seed reserve, in Minnesota and in North and South Dakota.

From the best count the *Journal* could procure, there are in the three States, outside of Minneapolis and Duluth, about five hundred active flour-mills of all grades. In some of these the amount of flour ground in a year is quite small, while in others a large amount of wheat is used. In a general way, Minnesota has 375 mills, South Dakota 100, North Dakota fifty mills. Of this number, probably twenty-five

are idle all the time and as many more a large part of the time. In the following showing, reports are in from 273 mills—188 for Minnesota, thirty-two for North Dakota and fifty-three for South Dakota. Of the remainder, a large majority are small mills, and, allowing an average of 10,000 bushels for each, the total wheat ground in country mills would be brought up to 28,300,000 bushels. That this total must be considered conservative, is suggested by the fact that in the year reported on South Dakota had a very short crop, and the total Northwest yield was only about an average. On the last crop it is reasonable to expect that more wheat was ground in country mills than in the 1894-95 year. A total of 45,000,000 bushels for bread and seed may be a fair total to allow for the 1895-96 crop-year. The features of interest in the showing is that 40,000,000 bushels is a conservative figure to allow for bread and seed in the three States.

As the flour output of the Minneapolis and Duluth mills for the last crop-year reached 12,577,000 barrels, the figures given above not only swell the aggregate enormously, but show, also, that the three States named are heavy consumers of their own product, and not at all dependent upon the great milling centers of Minneapolis and Duluth.

Navigation on the Red River.

The *Winnipeg (Man.) Free Press* says that a deputation consisting of members of the city council and the Board of Trade, together with a large number of other citizens, met Hon. Mr. Tarte, Commissioner of Public Works, in the city hall on Saturday, Oct. 24, and laid before him the importance of improving the navigation of the Red River at the St. Andrew's Rapids, as a work in the interests of the whole Dominion. Mayor Jameson presided. Mr. J. H. Ashdown gave a short history of the efforts made to secure the improvement in question. In 1878 this was one of the first matters urged by a delegation that went to Ottawa. The Board of Trade considered it of the greatest interest to the business community and had pressed it in every possible way. "Lake Winnipeg," Mr. Ashdown went on to say, "is larger than Lake Ontario. There are eleven rivers emptying into it exclusive of the Red River; it is over 300 miles long by eighty miles broad, and it has a coast line of over 2,000 miles. The only obstruction to navigation of the lake, some forty miles distant from Winnipeg, is at the St. Andrew's Rapids. If there were continuous navigation we would have low rates of freight, and there would be traffic in articles which cannot now be moved at all, such as limestone and sandstone of a very superior quality. The forests along the lake, and the rivers emptying into it, are practically inexhaustible. There is iron ore of superior quality on Black Island; gold, silver, copper and other minerals, and also salt and petroleum, all of which would develop into valuable industries; and then there would also be a development of settlement. A saving on wood had been estimated at \$1.50 per cord; but taking a conservative view he would place it at \$1 a cord at least. Large deposits of coal are found on the Saskatchewan River; if this could be brought down in barges great saving would be effected." Mr. Ashdown touched upon the increase of shipping that would result. The work had been considered by the people of Winnipeg for a long time as being one of the chief necessities to them; and it was also a work which the Government could very well undertake in the interests of the country as a whole. If this work were done, the shores of this great body of water would be occupied by Icelanders, who make excellent settlers.



A Home on Dayton's Bluff, St. Paul.

Among St. Paul's beautiful homes is the Dayton's Bluff residence of Mrs. P. J. Giesen, which we illustrate on this page. It is located at 827 Mound Street, one of the most picturesque sites in the city. Mrs. Giesen has won great prominence as a masquerade costumer. It is said that, in her place of business at 13½ West Third Street, she has the finest costumes in the United States, and it is a well-known fact that her large stock and almost infinite variety of costumes are equaled by but few dealers in the country, East or West, and surpassed by none.

An Old Man of the Mountains.

"Up in the mountains above Soap Gulch, near where the big strike of gold was made a year ago last July, there is an old prospector who is a strange character," said John Helehan of Melrose, recently, to a reporter of the Butte (Mont.) *Inter-Mountain*. "He looks like a veritable Rip Van Winkle, with white hair hanging down his shoulders and snowy beard dropping far down his breast. The old man has a cabin up in the mountains, where he has lived alone for several years, digging for gold. He has a small seam in a tunnel, from which he apparently takes enough ore to enable him to purchase food to sustain his existence and powder to work the tunnel. He is one of the strange characters found in the mountains, and is apparently possessed of a peculiar history, but he is unapproachable on the question of his past, and has on more than one occasion resented intrusions of that sort."

A Raised Indian Grave.

A rather gruesome find has been made by some citizens of Winona, Minnesota. For a pleasure trip they rowed up the Trempealeau River. The find was made at the rear of the Trempealeau Mountain. It was an Indian grave. It was not a mound, but a raised grave, such as were constructed by the Sioux and Winnebago tribes in this territory before the arrival of the white man. On the top of four tall posts was a small platform. From the edges of this high landing could be seen, partially projecting, a body. The figure was entirely wrapped in blankets and could not be distinctly outlined. The general appearance of the elevated grave was that of extreme age, though the entire structure was intact. The place has evidently been frequented by pilgrim Indians up to a recent date. From this there is no doubt, say those who know, that the grave must be that of some distinguished chief. The grave is in a very secluded spot and was never before discovered.

How He Lost His Thumb.

"I lost that thumb by knowing too much," said the old stockman, in answer to a query. "I was nothing but a tenderfoot, but I thought, because I could rope a calf in a corral, that I could do anything anyone else could."

"The first day I went out with my rawhide riata on my saddle some of the men commenced trying to tell me how to rope a steer and how to take a turn around the horn of the saddle with the riata when I wanted to hold him, but

I told them I guessed I knew how to do it, and I'm a thumb shy in consequence.

"I chucked the rope on a steer as he was running, and quickly wound the riata around the horn of the saddle. There was a jerk, the steer went down, and my thumb was crushed to a pulp. I had, in taking a turn with the riata around the horn, unwittingly got my thumb between the rope and the pommel. When it tightened, I lost my thumb.

"When a cowboy holds a loop in his right hand, ready to throw, his thumb is pointing from him. After the throw it is natural for him to let the riata slide through his hand from his little finger toward the thumb, but if he attempts to wind it around the saddle-horn in that way, it is ten to one that he will get his thumb tangled up, as I did. After the throw, he has to let go of the riata entirely, seize it again, and, as he winds it around the saddle-horn, let it slip through his hand from his thumb toward his little finger. Just recollect that, and it may save you a thumb."

The Lumber-Jack's Trump.

The East-bound train on the Northern Pacific had just left Brainerd when a three-card-monte man slipped into the smoker and established himself in a rear seat. He smiled in anticipation of a good haul, says the St. Paul *Dispatch*, for the car was filled with lumber-jacks, and they all had money in their clothes.

With the aid of his stall, the monte man was soon at work, and it wasn't long before he had a good-sized crowd around him and was coining money at a good rate.

This particular monte man had a new trick of palming the card the sucker selected and substituting another so that there was no chance on earth for the player to pick out the right card on the table. It was a cinch game if there ever was one, and it took a man who was remarkably clever with his hands to work it.

Not a single player had won a bet when a big lumber-jack, smoking a short briar pipe and wearing a sort of sarcastic expression on his face, remarked that he would like to make a try at it himself. He had been observing the game with a good deal of interest, and was particularly interested in the disappearance of the third card.

The others made way for him. They had lost as much as they intended to, and were glad to see some others drop their pile. The monte

man fixed the cards in his hands, the bets were made, and he showed the positions of the three cards. The lumber-jack nodded rather contemptuously, and the cards were thrown.

Quick as a flash the lumber-jack drew a long, sharp knife from his boot and plunged it through the middle card and firmly imbedded it in the table.

The action was so quick that even the monte man was taken by surprise, and there was a moment of impressive silence.

"What in h—I do you mean?" cried the monte man, struggling to his feet.

"Sit down," thundered the lumber-jack. Then, picking up the first card and turning it over, face up, he asked:

"That ain't the card, is it?"

"It is not," answered the operator.

He tossed over the other one.

"That ain't it, either, is it?" he inquired, with another leer.

Again a negative reply.

"Well, then," said the jack, pointing to the card with the knife stuck through it, "that one is bound to be. The money is mine."

When he reached for the stakes and put them deep into his trouser's pocket the monte man uttered not a word of remonstrance, but he disappeared from the car a moment later.

And the lumber-jack went on smoking his short briarwood pipe.

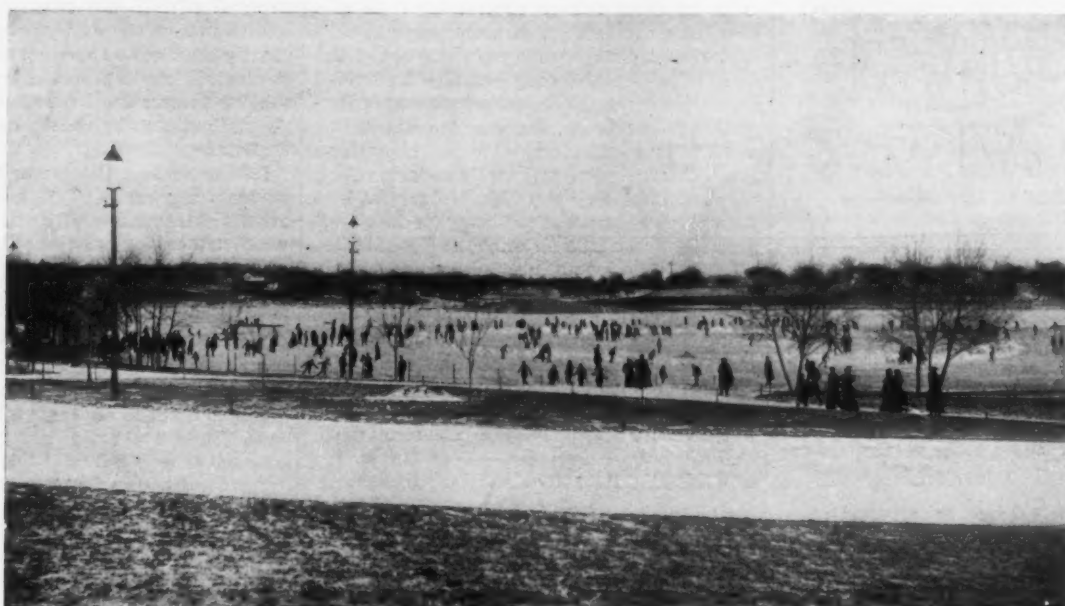
A Pathetic Scene.

The Portland (Ore.) *Telegram* tells the following story of William Ashton, aged fifty years, who arrived at the union depot in that city recently from Kansas, accompanied by six motherless children, the eldest not more than ten years of age. Ashton left his home on an emigrant train, bound for Yamhill County, where he has friends, for the benefit of his wife's health, who had been failing fast for the past year. In order to pay the passage of his family, this man sacrificed the little property he had in Kansas. On the third day out Mrs. Ashton died aboard of the train from a hemorrhage of the stomach, and she was buried along the road in an impromptu coffin, Ashton intending to have the body exhumed so soon as he is able, and to give it a Christian burial. When he landed in Portland he had but \$6 left, a part of which he expended in telegraphing his condition to his Yamhill friends.

While the afflicted emigrant was unfolding



RESIDENCE OF MRS. P. J. GIESEN ON DAYTON'S BLUFF IN ST. PAUL.



WINTER SPORTS ON LAKE COMO, ST. PAUL.

his sad story to a patrolman, an old gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, both wearing mourning attire, were intent listeners. When Ashton had concluded his story the old gentleman, with tears glistening in his eyes, walked up to him and took the sorrowing emigrant by the hand, saying:

"My dear man, you have my sympathy. I recently lost one just as dear to me as it seems your wife was to you. Take this, and satisfy your heart's desire to give your wife a Christian burial."

The strange old gentleman took from a wallet a \$50 bank-note and pressed it into Ashton's hand.

"Will you please give me your name and address?" gasped Ashton, with much emotion and gratitude.

"Never mind that, but may God bless you and your little brood," replied the benevolent old gentleman. And without the exchange of another word, the Good Samaritan and his charge entered the waiting-room of the union depot.

This is a bit of Western life that is not unusual in a comparatively new land, where sympathy, oftentimes, must come from the heart of strangers if it come at all. The world is indeed akin where sorrow and suffering are concerned.

A Montana Deer Hunt.

The writer, in company with John H. Shelton, pastor of the M. E. Church South, of Helena, started on November 12 for the cattle and horse-ranch of James W. Hardgrove on the middle fork of the Dearborn and about seventy miles from Helena in Lewis & Clarke County, Montana. We reached our destination on the afternoon of the next day. Resting over night, we rose early in the morning and, accompanied by Mr. James W. Hardgrove, took saddle-horses to ride some ten or twelve miles to the hunting-ground, being all bent on killing deer.

Now, the Rev. Mr. Shelton is known locally as quite a horseman and has obtained some distinction as a broncho buster. It happened that one of the horses had acquired the habit of pitching or bucking, and this animal fell to the use of Shelton—an arrangement that was doubtless effected by Hardgrove on the sly. The cold weather increased the animal's desire to pitch. When Shelton attempted to mount, up went the horse. After a few false motions and some time spent in getting the hang of the pitch,

Shelton mounted and the fun began in earnest. Up went the horse—up, and then down, the rider apparently enjoying the exercise as much as the broncho. In his usual persuasive manner the parson informed the horse that he had struck "two of a kind" and that he might as well conclude he was "coppered," for he was on to stay. And stay he did.

I was fortunate in procuring old Roan Billy, a horse widely known as the best deer-horse in the surrounding country. Although fourteen years old, yet he was fleet as a deer and wiry as a mule; and, as was afterward proven, he was better at tracking a deer than a trained hound.

We stopped at a point in the timber where the old Pend d'Oreille trail crosses the mountain range. Hardgrove, being well acquainted with the lay of the country, suggested that he should take the left-hand ridge and Shelton the center, both on foot; while I, on Roan Billy, should circle to the right and make a detour of four or five miles, all coming together at the top of the range.

This being agreed upon, we separated. In the course of half an hour, a fusillade of rifle reports in the direction taken by Hardgrove was heard, followed by an agreed signal which indicated that he had wounded, but had failed to kill, his deer. To keep the game from crossing the summit and reaching the heavy under-wood, I urged Roan Billy at full speed to the side of the mountain just in time to see a black-tailed buck, of monster proportions, making for cover. The horse, apparently, caught sight of him at the same instant; and, dropping the reins, with Roan Billy under full run in the same direction taken by the deer, but full five hundred yards away, I brought my Marlin Safety 30-30 in line and fired, knocking the deer over. In a moment he was up and going again, with the horse in hot pursuit. I fired three more shots, in quick succession, two taking effect. Each time the deer was knocked down, only to regain his feet again and renew the race, until finally he was lost in the down timber. Leaving the horse to follow, I undertook to track in the snow, which proved very slow and irksome.

In about an hour's time, a renewed firing from Hardgrove indicated that he was again on track. At this moment there came four shots from my left which I recognized as coming from Shelton's 30-30 Winchester; so, giving up the buck to the tender mercies of Hardgrove,

I remounted Roan Billy and started to join Shelton. Upon arrival, I found that he had killed a fine fat fawn and wounded a doe. Off I went after the wounded, the horse with his head down, and going through the timber and undergrowth like a bear through a cane-brake. A circle of less than a mile brought out renewed reports from Shelton's rifle, followed by a signal that he was victorious. Returning to him, I found that he had a fine six-year-old doe.

We returned to where Hardgrove and Shelton had left their horses in the morning, to find that Hardgrove had removed his horse. Taking the bucking broncho and Roan Billy, we loaded the doe on the roan and then attempted to put the fawn on Broncho Pete, to which performance he promptly demurred by giving an exhibition of his most approved style of pitching. Being gently, but firmly, informed by Shelton that bucking wouldn't go—assisted by a hard snub and twist on his nose with a piece of half-inch rope, he finally caved in. With the deer tied firmly to the pack-saddles, we returned to where we separated in the morning. Taking the track of Hardgrove's horse for fully a mile, and getting no reply to our oft-repeated signals, we started on the return trip to find, upon our arrival, that Hardgrove had crossed the range farther up, reaching home in advance of us. He had followed the buck that was so badly wounded earlier in the day fully seven miles before being able to get him, and then the beast was so large that he could not put him on the horse, but managed to swing him into a tree out of reach of wolves and prowling coyotes. The next day the buck was brought in by team, and, to our great surprise, we found that he was shot through and through seven times and that three other shots had taken effect in his body. He dressed 227 pounds, being the largest deer the writer ever assisted in killing.

We all did justice to the ample supper provided for us by Mrs. Hardgrove. In the morning it was understood and agreed that none of us should drink, eat or sleep until we had killed at least one deer, and this was lived up to. Mrs. Hardgrove occasionally takes a hand in the hunt herself. She is one of the women whom Montana takes pride in referring to as a dead hard shot and true markswoman, and her reputation in this respect is fully sustained by the numerous coyotes, as well as two bears, which she has lately called upon the State to pay bounty money on.

JOHN S. MILLER.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, DECEMBER, 1896.

CANADIAN CRITICISM.

An esteemed Canadian contemporary, the *Winnipeg Nor'-Wester*, is disposed to disparage any further co-operation by the Dominion in the international movement for prolonging to the Atlantic seaboard the deep waterway now existing from Chicago and Duluth to Buffalo. The *Nor'-Wester* favors the building of the Hudson's Bay Railroad by Government subsidies, to divert the wheat and cattle movement of Manitoba from Montreal to the great lone sea of the far North, and it does not look with favor on the deepening of the St. Lawrence canals or on any other feature of the general deep-waterways project. It claims that in the construction of existing ship-canal systems Canada has borne an unfair share of the expense in proportion to the benefits she has received. This, we think, is a mistake. The St. Lawrence canals, upon which Canada has spent a great deal of money, are very little used by American craft, for the reason that almost the whole volume of our commercial movement between the West and the seaboard seeks the harbor of New York and has no motive for going to Montreal. The Welland Canal is, however, of great benefit to our lake commerce, because it affords the only waterway between the Upper Lakes and Lake Ontario. Unfortunately, its depth is insufficient and its locks too short to admit of the passage of our big modern grain and ore carriers. The advantages we derive from the Welland Canal are fully repaid to the Canadians by our canal across the St. Clair flats and our deep channel over the Lime Kiln Crossing of the Detroit River, without which Canadian vessels of even moderate draft could not pass from Lake Erie into the Upper Lakes. Then, we are making costly improvements in the Hay Lake channel of the St. Mary's River. Until recently our Saulte Ste. Marie Canal afforded the only passage to Lake Superior.

The Canadians have constructed a parallel canal on their side of the river, rather as a political measure than as a commercial necessity; so we must now take our canal out of the scales in determining reciprocal benefits derived from the progress of the deep-waterways enterprise. Without it, however, we think the account is about even. Our neighbors have given us a free waterway for light-draft vessels between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and we have given them a free waterway for deep-draft vessels between Lake Erie and the Upper Lakes.

Let us, then, go ahead together amicably in pushing the great enterprise of a deep canal with hydraulic lifts around Niagara, of deepening the St. Lawrence canals and of constructing a ship canal from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson by way of Lake Champlain. This is a noble continental task of immense importance to the future development of both countries.

MINNESOTA'S DRAINAGE CANALS.

In the Red River Valley, on the Minnesota side, there is a good deal of low-lying land traversed by small streams that head in a sandy ridge about fifty miles east of the Red. A number of these streams were formerly clogged in their lower course, so that they formed extensive swamps. In the spring of the year the drainage water filled these swamps and overflowed upon the adjacent farms. The swamp-land was valueless, and thousands of acres of good wheat-land lying contiguous to the swamps were worthless in seasons of heavy rains. The question of draining these swamps was agitated for many years, but the task was too great for townships or counties to undertake. Finally, at the 1893 session of the Minnesota Legislature, and largely through the efforts of Governor Nelson, a bill was passed appropriating \$100,000 for the work. To this sum the Great Northern Railway added \$25,000, because of its ownership of a portion of the lands to be reclaimed. The work was begun the following spring under the direction of a joint board representing the State, the counties interested and the railway company. At the session of 1895 an additional appropriation of \$50,000 was made. Excellent results have already been accomplished, and next year the general scheme of drainage will be completed.

Beginning at the northern border of the State and looking southward on the map, we find the first of the State ditches in Kittson County. It is known as the Kennedy ditch, and it drains a body of land equal in area to nearly two townships. Further south, in Marshall County, at the town of Stephen, is a very important ditch—so large that it might be called a canal, which releases the waters of the Tamarack River, which formerly accumulated in an extensive swamp, and ruined the crops on adjacent farms in seasons of considerable spring rains. The next ditch drains a large swamp which formerly covered the country from a point on the Middle River, near Argyle, almost as far as the Red River. The Snake River ditch comes next, and drains a swamp just west of Warren. The largest work of all is the Beltrami ditch in Polk County, so called from its point of crossing the Great Northern—Beltrami station. It disposes of the waters of the Sand Hill River, which formerly overflowed a strip of country over thirty miles long. In Norman County, south of Ada, there are two ditches on the two branches of the Wild Rice River. Finally, in Wilkin County, an improvement has been begun to confine the Otter Tail River to its channel below Fergus Falls, and small ditches have been put in on the Mustinka River.

This drainage work meets with universal approval from the people of the Red River Valley. The State will ultimately be almost

entirely reimbursed from the proceeds of its swamp-lands which have been redeemed. The counties where the drainage has been done are greatly benefited by opening new tracts for settlement, by the improvement of lands formerly subject to occasional overflow, by increase of population, and by considerable additions to their tax-rolls.

In one sense a State may be regarded as a business corporation of all its people, and there are some things for public benefit, that it can wisely undertake, which are beyond the reach of ordinary corporate or individual enterprise.

A NEW OUTLOOK.

Just before the coming into power of a new national administration sanguine people usually take a very hopeful view of the future. There seems to them to be a new and promising outlook. Many old conditions, they think, may be changed or modified to the benefit of the country generally or to the advantage of particular localities or business interests. They feel something of the courage and cheeriness that come with the breaking up of a long winter and the opening of spring. Only defeated partisans predict that times will grow worse with the change of Presidents at Washington. The very fact of change is alone stimulating to the imagination and breeds hopefulness.

This is especially the case with the change about to take place as the result of the recent election. There will be new policies and new ambitions for national development. The vexed currency question is settled for four years, at least, and probably for all time, so far as any sudden change in the standard of value is concerned. We can now do business with assurance of what the worth of the money is going to be with which we are to pay our debts and in which our debtors are to pay us. This is of itself a very great gain. Uncertainty as to the future value of money is a fatal blight upon trade.

There are some questions of especial interest to the Northwestern States which will come up for action by the new Congress and the new President. All of these States want the wool tariff restored, in order to revive our crippled sheep industry. This industry is now grievously depressed by reason of the large importations of South African, South American and Australian wools, and the heavy importations of German and English woolen goods. It is a very important industry in Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. A restoration of the old McKinley bill duties on wool and woollens would be of great value to all these States. We confidently look for such action from the new Congress, for the reason that the successful party made a strong point in the campaign of the depression of the American wool-growing industry.

If we are to continue to admit Canadian rough lumber free of duty, as is done under the present Wilson tariff, to compete with the product of our Wisconsin and Minnesota pineries and of our fir forests in Washington and Oregon, we ought to get something from Canada in the way of reciprocity. The Dominion would willingly admit free of duty certain lines of our manufactured goods, rather than give up the valuable privilege of selling her lumber in our markets.

It is to be hoped that our flour trade with Cuba, which used to be of great advantage to our Northwestern milling interests, and which was almost wholly lost when the Cleveland party killed our reciprocity treaties, will be regained under a revival of the Blaine system of reciprocal trade relations with countries which seek the United States as a market. We have

gained nothing by the loss of our Cuban trade. We buy Cuban sugar and tobacco to just the same extent as ever.

The duty on hops ought to be restored to the old rate. It was heavily reduced by the Wilson law. Our hop-growers in Oregon, Washington and Wisconsin suffered correspondingly. There was no gain to the consumer of beer. He pays five cents a glass, whether hops are cheap or dear.

The new administration may reasonably be expected to reform the Government balance-sheet and to have a surplus of receipts over expenses. This will give a margin for wise projects of internal improvements. The movement for the extension of the deep-waterway of the great lakes on to the seaboard may receive a new impetus and may be carried so far that we shall witness during the next four years the beginning of work on a deep-water ship-canal around Niagara Falls.

It is to be hoped that, under the new order of affairs, some attention can be obtained for the needs of the West in the direction of legislation for the public lands. A modification of the homestead system is required to facilitate the settlement of our vast grazing areas which are unfitted for agriculture. The herdsman or flockmaster should be given title to sufficient land to form the basis of a pastoral industry that will support a family. A quarter section, which was a liberal donation to the settler in Iowa or the Red River Valley, is of no use to the settler on the semi-arid plains of the Far West.

Here are a few directions in which Governmental action may help in the restoration of good times in our Northwestern States:

MONTANA'S LIVE STOCK RESOURCES.

According to corrected statements of the assessed valuation of the various counties in Montana, made by county clerks to the State Board of Equalization, the live stock interests of the State are in a very prosperous condition. The total number of cattle is 657,474, with a value of \$9,959,547. Custer comes first, with 193,721 head valued at \$3,530,667. Choteau comes second with 80,635 head valued at \$1,403,137. Silver Bow has the smallest number, 3,596, but its value is not the lowest, for the reason that the average value per head is the highest in the State, \$22.14. Flathead County has 4,417 cattle, valued at \$78,095. Yellowstone reports the lowest average value a head, \$15.98, and Silver Bow the highest. Custer County cattle have an average value of \$18.17 a head, Dawson of \$18.63, and Valley of \$18.65.

Fergus is the banner sheep county, reporting 506,370 head. Then comes Choteau, with 380,116; Meagher, with 294,944; Custer, with 239,950; Sweet Grass, with 250,018, and Teton, with 227,457. Flathead County has only 160 sheep, and Lewis and Clarke reports 40,800. The total value of the sheep in Fergus County is \$506,370, and in Flathead \$240. The sheep in Meagher County are valued at \$442,276, in Custer at \$59,925, and in Choteau at \$570,190. Sheep in Sweet Grass are valued \$337,820, in Silver Bow at \$3,350, and in Lewis and Clarke at \$51,020. Carbon has the highest average value a head—208,554 being valued at \$2.10 each. In Lewis and Clarke sheep are believed to be worth only \$1.22 a head, while in Sweet Grass the value placed on them is \$1.75 a head. Meagher holds her sheep at \$1.50 each, as does Choteau and Custer, while Silver Bow says they are worth nine cents more, and Cascade is satisfied with a valuation of \$1.25. The total number of sheep reported is 2,815,849, and their value is placed at \$4,349,146.

In horses, Custer County easily leads with

27,929 head valued at \$362,295, or an average value of \$12.98 per head. Compared with Ravalli, Custer has a cheap lot of horses, because in the former county the average value of 4,778 head is \$30.27. Lewis and Clarke has 6,066 head of horses averaged at \$19.31 each. In Beaverhead the average value of 9,367 head is placed at \$10.31. Silver Bow has 2,363 horses valued at \$22.94 each. Madison, which is noted for its fine horse-ranches, reports 17,294 head, but the average value is only \$12.10 a head. The total number of horses in the State is given at 182,478, valued at \$2,966,939.

According to the reports of the county clerks there are only 21,798 hogs in Montana, valued at \$83,426. Of these Lewis and Clarke has only 201, valued at \$4.05 each. Ravalli is the banner hog county, having 4,350 head, the assessed valuation of which is only \$2.50 each. In Silver Bow there are 323, the average value being \$5.55 per head. Gallatin returns 3,394 hogs valued at \$2.87 per head. Yellowstone County has 627 hogs, valued at \$6 each.

A glance suffices to show that the valuations are in many instances ridiculously low and do not at all represent the actual value of the State's live stock industry. Numerically speaking, however, the showing is a grand one, though the returns are doubtless far from complete. Latest reports indicate that nearly 200,000 head of cattle have been shipped to Chicago stockyards the past season, a decrease of twenty per cent from last year. Some sixty thousand more have been killed for local consumption and for Indian use. These cattle are valued at about eight and a half million dollars. At the same rate of valuation, that of about \$32 per head, the cattle now in Montana represent a commercial value of at least \$20,000,000. All in all, this live-stock census is not a bad one to come from a young State that is popularly supposed to be given over to mountains and minerals.

THE ONTARIO GOLD-FIELDS.

There seems to be abundant evidence that the gold deposits in the Lake of the Woods District are worthy of serious consideration from mining investors. It is now about eighteen years since gold was discovered there. Years went by and monied men scouted the idea, in spite of rich specimens of free gold, that the ore bodies were of sufficient extent to justify expensive development work. But at last the prospectors, backed by geologists and the Ontario (Can.) Bureau of Mines, disclosed the existence of a gold-field which, if all reports be true, consists of ore bodies of amazing richness. It is learned from the report of the Ontario Bureau of Mines, that the Western Ontario gold-fields extend from Lac des Mille Lacs to the western shore of Lake of the Woods and from Rainy Lake on the Minnesota boundary to Lac Seul on the Keewatin boundary, a tract of at least 2,000 and more probably 3,000 square miles. "On Lake of the Woods and along the Manitou and Wabigoon rivers, on Rainy Lake and along the Seine River," says the Winnipeg *Nor-Wester*, "most promising discoveries have been made within the last four or five years—perhaps the best of them within the last four or five months, and several mines are being worked steadily and are producing gold with an outlay of capital which in other countries would strike the miner with astonishment. Many of the properties are easily reached by water. Indeed, the prospector has hardly yet at all ventured inland from the canoe routes, and in consequence there is little need of roads over which to take machinery or supplies; and, needless to say, there is no scarcity of that very essential element in milling gold ores, water.

The whole area of this gold-field of ours in Western Ontario is a network of rivers and streams, with navigable lakes whose long arms stretch inland such distances as to give to comparatively small sheets of water, like Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake, a coast line as long as that of Lake Erie or Lake Ontario. Timber, too, is abundant for every purpose of the miner, and it may be had practically for the cutting.

"The ore of this wide region is almost altogether free-milling, so much so that, with a stamp-mill, eighty to ninety per cent of the gold may be taken off the plates. It is usual to speak of placer deposits as the poor man's field for mining, but with free-milling ore which yields \$10 to \$20 or \$30 per ton, and a mill of five or ten stamps which can be set up and fully equipped at a cost of \$5,000 to \$10,000, there is ample encouragement for a venture by the mining man who knows his business and is possessed of even modest means.

"Between such an enterprise and one which requires an outlay of \$500,000 for a smelting-plant, there is a difference so greatly in favor of Western Ontario that capitalists should have no hesitation in choosing it as a field for investment. The superior advantages of the region are now pretty generally recognized, and British capital is being quite liberally invested in the Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake districts. Work is being done on a great many properties in preparation for the placing of stamp-mills, and, in fact, never were the prospects of a mining country more promising than those of Western Ontario at the present time. The tide has turned in our favor, and soon we shall see a wave of prosperity sweep over the region that will astonish the whole world."

The same paper says that, besides the Sultana, which has been worked profitably for some time, is the Regina mine, owned by General Wilkinson, which has paid from the grass-roots; the Empress, at the extreme eastern boundary of the mineral belt; the Wray-Weigand, Little American, Foley, Ferguson, Little Canada and others in the Rainy Lake and Seine River districts; the Saw Bill, Lake Harold, Wabigoon and others away to the north, and the Mikado, Golden Gate, Scramble, Sweden, Bad Mine, Treasure, Little Jack, Triumph, King, Witch Bay and several more in the Lake of the Woods.

"In the last Ontario *Gazette*," the *Nor-Wester* says, "are notices of application for incorporation from ten proposed mining companies with a total capitalization of \$5,350,000, a modest aggregate that bears the stamp of legitimacy in healthy contrast with the wildly extravagant amounts of capital stock thrown on the market by mining promoters in other countries. It is learned on good authority that several of these companies, and many others that are now in process of formation, do not intend to offer a single share of stock for sale, their entire capital being subscribed for and taken up by the chartered members. Winnipeg capital is moving in the direction of Rat Portage in considerable volume, just now, and if the investors are prudent in their operations,—for gold-mining calls for the most rigid watchfulness and economy in all its stages,—there seems little doubt that they will profit largely from their outlay. The gold is there in limitless quantity—of that there is no shadow of doubt; it only requires skill and good management to extract it from the rock in paying quantities."

ONE WOMAN'S AMBITION.—Annie Jenness Miller's ambition is to establish at the national capital an institution for physical development and the highest art of self-culture, which shall be under the control of able students of anatomy, chemistry and, physical science.



ONE night in the closing week of the late political campaign, the writer of these notes set out from a little town in the Red River Valley, in company with a candidate for legislative honors, to hold a meeting in a country schoolhouse. It was a bleak, dark night, with wind and occasional dashes of sleety rain. Our driver was a lively French Canadian, who seemed to find his way across the fenceless prairie roads by instinct. The orators expressed a doubt as to whether anybody would come out on such a night to attend a political meeting, whereupon the driver remarked, "They'll be there. They know I'm coming." We did not at once understand the importance of the driver's presence as an attraction for the meeting, but presently he pulled a large bottle from the pocket of his coonskin coat and, dextrously extracting the cork with his teeth, invited us to take something to keep out the cold. "I have another bottle in the other pocket," he said, "and I reckon the fellows will be there." And they were there. The schoolhouse was crowded with men in coonskin, dogskin and wolfskin coats; but before they entered they held a short session with our French friend and his two bottles out by our wagon. They sat around the hot box-stove without removing their fur garments. As the speaking went on, one after another of them fell asleep. The orators were grieved at their failure to arouse the customary enthusiasm in the breasts of the men in the fur coats, until they learned, after the meeting was over, that most of them did not understand the English language. They had come to meet the Frenchman with the bottles!

A FEW nights later I had occasion to reflect on the great contrasts that are possible in our modern American life, when railroads whirl us from one part of the continent to another. Now, instead of the wind-swept plain, the little schoolhouse, the dark night and the fur-clad farmers, the scene was a crowded and brilliantly-lighted opera-house in New York, on the occasion of the first production of the new Italian opera, *Andrea Chenier*. On the stage the wild and cruel scenes of the French Revolution were set forth in strong, dramatic music and with vehement and passionate acting—the revolutionary tribunal with its swift and savage condemnations, the Paris mob dancing *la car-magnole* in the streets and howling *a la lanterne*, and the carts on their way to the guillotine. This new opera, by the way, shows how complete is the divorce of the new Italian school from the old school of melody which produced *Il Trovatore*, *Lucrezia Borgia* and *La Traviata*. In the whole opera there are only a few bars that could be called a tune. All the rest out-Wagners Wagner in its effort to make music, interpret action and emotion. The audience was wildly enthusiastic. No doubt it was all very grand and that it was a glimpse of the music of the future, but I am old-fashioned enough to prefer the music of the past, and would rather hear Manrico and Leonora and Azucena sing their beautiful melodies than to listen to all this highly wrought-up, intense dramatic sound and fury of instruments and voices. The strange thing about this new development of music, of

which Leoncavallo gave us our first taste a few years ago, is that it should come from Italy, the old home of the masters of flowery melody, and that Germany should now be going back to the production of simple songs.

I was glad to read, a few days ago, that the Wright irrigation law has been sustained by the supreme court at Washington. A great deal hung upon this decision, for the California statute has been adopted in substance in other States, and numerous irrigation enterprises have been based upon it and large amounts of bonds have been issued which would have been invalidated if the law had not stood the final test. The substance of the law is to authorize the formation of irrigation districts, the issue of bonds to raise money for the construction of canals, and the taxation of property to meet interest and sinking-fund charges. The canals are treated as public works, like highways, and are managed by local authorities. The law is a wise and beneficent one, and is in line with the best thought of the times, which looks to a larger activity by municipalities, townships, counties and States in the creation and management of works of public utility—to the people doing more for themselves and not calling so much upon corporations to provide them with what they need.

SPEAKING of irrigation reminds me that the annual national irrigation convention will be held this year at Phoenix, Arizona, on December 15, 16 and 17. Our Minnesota committeeman is Thomas G. Frost, whose office is at 83-89 Guaranty Loan Building, in Minneapolis. Minnesota is not an arid or a sub-arid State. We have rainfall enough, but we have a close interest in the growth and prosperity of our sister States further West. Mr. Frost would like to enlist others to go with him as delegates to the Phoenix meeting.

THE building of tall structures on the lower end of New York's island goes steadily on in bad times and good times, and office rent in the Lower Broadway and Wall Street district is now as low as in Western cities. I am writing in the office of a friend on the twelfth floor of a new building on Broad Street, one square from Wall Street. It is a pretty, large, square room with two windows looking down on the Stock Exchange. My friend pays \$33 a month rent—no more than a room of equal floor space would bring in the Pioneer Press building in St. Paul, or in the Guaranty Loan building in Minneapolis. In the huge Cotton Exchange, two squares from Wall Street, an equally good room can be rented for \$25, and two or three squares further away from the great artery of commerce are tall, modern, fire-proof structures where you can get a tolerably good office for \$15 a month.

This brings me to the reflection that the era of high prices has gone, probably forever. Capitalists are happy to get a sure five per cent on their investments here in the East. We ought to have lower interest rates in the West, and we will get them soon—when the clamor for cheaper forms of money dies away. I believe the time is not far distant when money will be loaned on safe farm mortgages in the West at five per cent, and on good city property at four per cent. Eight, ten and twelve per cent rates are a heavy drain upon the productive capacity of a new country. The road to low interest is not that of political agitation, however. It is the old-fashioned highway of industry and integrity.

It looks as if the question of who owns the Northern Pacific lands east of the Missouri River would only be determined after long

litigation. General creditors' claims, aggregating about \$100,000,000, have been filed in the courts against the old N. P. Company, and these lands are the only possible asset. The old company still maintains its corporate existence, with Brayton Ives as president. The controversy over the lands does not interfere with their sale, however, nor with the giving of adequate titles. This is done by the N. P. Land Commissioner, Mr. Phipps, who has full powers from the courts. The unsold lands are probably worth eight or ten millions of dollars. A large part of them lie in Northern Minnesota and are being steadily occupied by agricultural settlers. Then there is an immense acreage in North Dakota, much of which is good farm-land and all of which is valuable for grazing. The largest claim of the general creditors is that of the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railroad Company for breach of contract, and it is regarded by most lawyers as rather flimsy. It is probable that Judge Jenkins, of Milwaukee, will have the adjudication of all the questions involved in these claims.

THE Northern Pacific reorganization interest has bought for \$8,000,000 all the properties of the Chicago and Northern Pacific Railroad, including the Grand Central Depot, the terminal facilities and the suburban roads of the latter corporation, the original cost of which was \$25,000,000. It is probable that the whole property will be leased to the Wisconsin Central, which has no other entrance to Chicago. The depot is now used by the Wisconsin Central, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Chicago Great Western.

I HEARD in New York, lately, that the Great Northern will soon issue bonds for constructing its tunnel through the Cascade Mountains and that the work will cost about \$2,500,000. The tunnel will be two and a half miles long—about three-quarters of a mile longer than the Cascade tunnel of the Northern Pacific. It will be the second longest tunnel in America, the longest being the Hoosac tunnel in Massachusetts. About two years' time will be required for the work.

HERE are some interesting statistics, from the Agricultural Department at Washington, showing the increase in the average annual production of wheat in the principal wheat-growing countries of the world, the comparison being made between the period from 1881 to 1885 inclusive, and that from 1891 to 1895 inclusive:

Countries.	Average annual product.	
	1881-1885	1891-1895
	Bushels.	Bushels.
United States	435,685,744	490,246,218
Canada	39,300,000	51,405,800
Argentina	13,000,000	61,600,000
Russia	224,106,611	301,406,600
India	300,721,262	224,909,600

It will be seen that it is not India competition which has depressed the market in recent years, for India shows a large falling off in production. The great increase has been in the United States, Russia, and the Argentine Republic. India evidently culminated ten years ago as a wheat producer.

HER PRIDE IN THE FLAG.—A pretty little story is told about Mrs. A. A. Johnson, the dean of Oberlin College, Ohio. It is said that she never leaves American soil without carrying with her a silken American flag. At a dinner party in Germany on one occasion, the host asked each of the ladies present what in her country she was most proud of. Mrs. Johnson couldn't speak German very fluently, but, a happy thought striking her, she left the table for a moment and returned with an American flag, which she waved while all applauded.



A Powerful Inducement.

"You supply the name; we do the rest," is the catchy advertisement of an enterprising Eastern firm that does an extensive business in tombstones.—*Helena Independent.*

Wasn't Sure of His Standing.

A Grand Forks man tried to shoot ducks while standing on a musk-rat house, but his gun kicked him, and the musk-rat house sunk under the water, and the boys had to bail him out with a tomato-can. He acted like a frozen clothes-line all the way to the first thawing-out place.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

Inferentially, as it Were.

An Eastern paper says that Professor Garner, the student of monkey language, is to "lead a party of swell New Yorkers on a game hunt in Africa." Why a man who has made a study of monkeys is selected to guide these swell New Yorkers is not clearly evident, although it may be easily understood by some.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

A Jack-Rabbit Spread.

The people of Neche celebrate their birthday by having jack-rabbit spreads. They go in for good big dishes up there. When a jack-rabbit is feeling right, he can spread over 160 acres and come back and do it again while you are getting a shell into your gun. Then the big, swift dog, that has been sleeping by the kitchen stove all winter, chases him five times around a hay-stack and doesn't even catch sight of him, looking as foolish as a pail of milk. When a hunter shoots at a jack-rabbit on the run, he generally hits a snow-bank that isn't doing anybody any harm and isn't good to eat, either. Yes, a jack-rabbit spread is large and mealy and hard to follow.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

There was No Mud on the Bicycle.

Bicycle yarns are a trifle out of season, just now, but the Miles City (Mont.) *Stock Growers' Journal* spins one that will do to winter on. It says that Ed. Campbell of that town has mastered the bike, to a certain extent, and on good roads, with a back wind, can make fairly good time, although he claims no kinship to the scorcher. On a certain Tuesday morning the distance from his residence to the store looked so far that, regardless of the recent rain and the gumbo roads, he tackled his bike as a means of reaching his place of business. Barring a few hasty dismounts, Sorensen's blacksmith shop was reached, when, in cutting a letter S to escape a juicy mud-hole, he missed his calculations and landed feet up in a miniature pond—with the bicycle on top of him. As if in unison with his fall, he let drop words that even a morning Democratic paper would never dare publish. But who wouldn't swear? His eyes, his ears, his hair, his pockets, as well as his clothes in general, were full of mud about the consistency of glue and fully as adhesive. To protect his face, he very thoughtfully put forth his right hand, and, as a consequence, a channel of mud found its way up his coat-sleeve, escaping at his collar. On gathering his faculties his first thought was to get a cast of himself, for there was nothing to hinder. Willing friends had arrived, however, and led him

gently to Quong Wick's laundry, where, at a late hour, he was being treated to the parboiling process. There wasn't a speck of mud on the bicycle.

Blast Them Elections.

The following comes to us from a correspondent who happened to be in Wawanesa, Man., shortly after the Presidential campaign in the "States." He writes:

In a little 7x10 lumber office, the other day, a farmer came in just after I had announced the probability of McKinley's election and a re-establishment of the tariff on lumber next year. The dialogue ran about like this:

Farmer.—"What'll you sell me a house bill fer, this winter,—'bout like the one you sold Jake Peters?"

Lumber Dealer (thoughtfully scratching his chin).—"Well, I don't know as it 'd cost you more than a hundred dollars above his. You see, the high-priest of the tariff business has just been elected President in the States, and lumber's taken a big jump. It's tough, I know; but we can't help it. However, as you're an old customer, and this is the first good wheat-crop you've had for a year, I'll duplicate Jake's bill for \$50 more, if you say it's a go *right now.*"

Farmer (dubiously).—"Suppose I'd better take you up; but blast them goldarned elections."

Satisfying His Curiosity.

A commercial traveler relates the subjoined bit of history in the columns of the Wahpeton (N. D.) *Globe*. There had been story-telling, and the man of samples was reminded of a funny little incident which occurred on the Elkhorn Road in Northern Nebraska. It seems that the sheriff from Chadron had been out after a horse-thief. Failing to secure his man, he fell in with some acquaintances on his return, among whom was a traveling man who was noted for his practical jokes along the line. The sheriff pulled a pair of handcuffs out of his pocket and was carelessly playing with them, when the drummer remarked, "I wonder how it would seem to be handcuffed?" and, as he said this, he thoughtlessly snapped the handcuffs upon his wrist. Presently, as his curiosity had become satisfied, he remarked to the sheriff: "Let me have your key and I will unlock them."

"I have no key," dryly replied the sheriff.

In the meantime another traveling man slipped back through the other coaches and informed the passengers that if they wished to see a noted desperado in handcuffs they could do so by passing into the smoker, where they would find him in company with the sheriff. It was only a few moments until the smoker was filled with a morbidly curious crowd. They looked at the unfortunate salesman, and made many uncomplimentary remarks concerning his low forehead and villainous appearance generally. It was not until some one suggested that the horse-thief should be lynched to a telegraph-pole that the sheriff unlocked the bracelets and set his victim free.

Mr. Porter's Hammerless Gun.

Now that the hunting season is on, the following story from the Minneapolis *Journal* is apropos. It is about Charles E. Porter and Sam. W. Rankin, two of the best-known commercial travelers in Minnesota. Rankin is an enthusiastic gunner, and, moreover, an excellent judge of a gun. He has killed as many quail during the present season as any one, and knows where the little fellows have been multiplying with greatest rapidity. In fact, Rankin thinks that the shooting of the future in this State is to be quail-shooting.

However, Mr. Rankin occasionally takes a

little jaunt after the teal and mallard, wherefore he found himself some four weeks since up at Lake Hazel, north of Benson, Minn. There he happened to run across Porter, of the Fairbanks-Morse Company, St. Paul. The Fairbanks travelers and those doing business for Janney, Semple & Company are hail fellows well met wherever they get together; so, on finding that Rankin intended to go ducking, Mr. Porter at once signified his intention of going along.

"By gosh," he said, "I haven't been out on a duck hunt for the Lord knows how many years, and here's the time I go. It'll be great sport, won't it?"

"Great!" said Rankin, who knew whereof he spoke, for he had already visited the lake under discussion and had seen its weedy surface black with water-fowl.

"Can't do much until after election, anyway," said Porter.

"The d—!—I a thing," said Rankin.

"I haven't a gun with me, though," said Porter.

"I'll fix you," remarked Rankin. "A friend of mine here has a magnificent gun."

They turned out in the morning when there was frost on the grass and a tinge of winter in every breath of air that came off the lake. The long-drawn "qua-a-ak" of the birds they were after warmed both men up, however, and they got down to the duck-boats with all possible celerity. Rankin told his friend to get out on a point where the birds always passed on their way out of the lake each morning. For himself he selected a much less favorable position, but he was anxious to give Porter some shooting.

It was still dark when the birds began to sift out of the roosting-grounds in little flocks. Most of them went directly over Porter's place of concealment, and Rankin was astonished that his friend never fired a single shot. Some of the flocks that passed over must have nearly touched Porter, still his gun remained silent.

Rankin blazed away until he had bowled over seventeen fine mallards and a brace of teal, when he became alarmed at the continued silence of Porter, and rowed down the lake, experiencing greater alarm at each stroke, lest his friend had fallen over into the floating bog and been drowned. Very soon he arrived at the point where Porter had been left, and found that worthy sitting upright in his melon-seed craft with the Greener hammerless between his knees. No more perfect picture of misery ever greeted human eyes.

"What in — ails you?" remarked Rankin. "Thousands of birds have gone right over your head; did you go to sleep?"

"Sleep be —!" responded Mr. Porter. "You think this is a durned smart trick; but if I don't even up matters inside of a week it won't be my fault. I can stand a joke, but when a man undertakes to bring me out shooting in a friendly way, I don't go looking for a dirty trick like this."

"What trick?" inquired Rankin, who was all at sea. "You don't mean to say that you came off without ammunition?"

"No!" howled Porter. "By heaven, I'm not green enough for that!"—holding up, as he spoke, a bag of powder and another full of shot and wads. "I'm all right on ammunition; but, d—n you, this gun hasn't got a ramrod and there are no hammers on it. I know a gun when I see it, and I'll get square with you if it costs me a leg!"

It took Porter several minutes to tumble to the fact that his gun was a hammerless of the latest pattern, and that there were 100 nitro shells in the stern of the boat; while Rankin laughed until threatened with hemorrhage. The commercials are not yet on speaking terms.



Business in the Northwest.

Cheering as it is to receive tidings of renewed prosperity in the East, it is still more gratifying to be able to chronicle returning confidence in the great Northwest. Evidence is conclusive that the tide of hard times has turned and that better days may now be expected. In Spokane, Tacoma and all Coast towns where there are flour-mills, the rollers are grinding night and day and the home and export demand exceeds the supply. Washington's great lumber-mills are in full operation, cereals are strong, lumber is firm, money is circulating more freely, and the business situation is brighter every way. Throughout the mining regions the outlook is very promising. There is almost unexampled activity among mine owners, capitalists and prospectors in Montana, Washington, Idaho and British Columbia, and more money is seeking investment in such enterprises than has been the case for several years past.

Nearer home the situation is equally encouraging. Preparations are being made for an early resumption of business in the iron regions on a larger scale than ever, and some of the companies are already employing a winter force of men in development work and in other mining operations. The shipyards and the steel works at the head of the lakes are once more active. The lumber industry of Minnesota and Wisconsin, dormant all through the summer season and fall, is now looking up with a better showing of old-time vigor. A short time ago there was talk of little or no logging this winter. All that is changed now. Winter logging will doubtless be on a less extensive scale than usual, but thousands of men will find employment therein, and the hope of tariff revision will give new impetus to the industry all along the line.

In wholesale circles the present situation is marked by great steadiness. Stocks are normal and the general tone healthful. The retail trade is in better shape than it was a year ago. Buyers have been conservative. The old-time custom of stocking up heavily twice a year has given away to more frequent and smaller orders. The result is seen in cleaner stocks, shorter lines of indebtedness, and a better ability on the part of individual retailers to take advantage of returning prosperity.

Nor is this all. There is evidence of a new order of things on the farms and in country towns. There has been a very satisfactory influx of new settlers throughout the entire Northwest, and good prices have compensated for comparatively small crops. In the towns, new buildings can be seen wherever one goes—new business blocks, new houses, new hotels and elevators and new electric light and water-works plants, all of which point to the turn in the lane that leads from hard times to good times.

Now that the election is over, all this activity will be intensified. Without new legislation and without any change whatever in our fiscal

policy, mills are starting up, savings bank deposits are increasing, the unemployed find work, wholesale houses send forth their army of salesmen, and the nation's industries have assumed a vigorous activity which augurs well for the closing years of the 19th century.

Growing Value of Pacific Coast Exports.

The unwonted foreign demand for Washington flour and Pacific Coast lumber is exciting comment in all parts of the country. It marks the rise of what is destined to be a mighty commerce between that portion of the Pacific Northwest and China, Japan, Siberia, South Africa, Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, Central America, Hawaii, and the countries in South America. The flour-mills of Spokane and Tacoma are running day and night in order to meet export demands from the countries named. Their flour goes literally to the uttermost parts of the earth, even to Australasia. Owing to the failure of the Australian wheat-crop, Cape Town and all South African markets must look elsewhere for supplies, and these are coming largely from the Pacific Coast. Numerous cargoes of flour have been shipped to Delagoa Bay, Port Natal, Alagoa Bay, Cape Town, and to other East and South African ports. This flour gives satisfaction; and as results show that Washington shippers can sell as cheaply in South Africa as Australia, it is probable that the foothold now secured there will be maintained—no matter what the conditions may be in Australia. Agencies for this flour are being established in South African ports and even at Vladivostok in Siberia—a new seaport, a town of 38,000 inhabitants, and the Pacific terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. It will take three years to complete this road, and along the projected line are 100,000 soldiers and 70,000 laborers who must all be fed on supplies drawn from Vladivostok. Washington flour finds a steady market in the coffee districts of Central America. One Spokane mill shipped 34,000 barrels of flour to Australia within two months. The mill's output is 800 barrels per day, but its owners say it would be kept just as busy if its capacity were 2,000 barrels. If these Indian and Australian demands continue it will not take long to exhaust the surplus wheat of the Coast country, and the sight may yet be seen of Minnesota and Dakota wheat moving Westward to supply the mills of Washington and be ground into export flour.

What has been said of the flour trade is also true of the export lumber interests. Some of the lumber-mills are running twenty-four hours a day. The cargoes go to Europe, Australia, Tahiti, South Africa and other countries, and the demand is a growing one. The export value of water shipments from Tacoma alone will exceed \$600,000 for the current year. It is regrettable that we cannot give the total value of lumber shipments from Washington ports for 1896; but it will run easily into the millions, and, with flour exports, furnishes a solid basis

upon which to estimate the future greatness of the State's commerce with foreign countries.

A St. Paul Institute of Pharmacy.

There must be something wonderfully fascinating in the study of theoretical and practical pharmacy, chemistry, materia medica and their collateral branches. Again and again has the writer visited the Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy at Nos. 16 and 18 East Seventh Street, St. Paul, only to find the rooms filled with students who were listening eagerly and expectantly to Professor L. A. Harding's lectures or watching most earnestly his practical demonstrations. These students come from Minnesota, Iowa, the two Dakotas, Wisconsin, Michigan and other States, and it is very evident that they are intensely in earnest. Professor Harding, the director of the institute, is a B. Sc., Ph. D., and a member of the Minnesota State Board of Pharmacy, Minnesota State Pharmaceutical Association, American Pharmaceutical Association, Northwestern Microscopical Society, American Microscopical Society, German Chemical Association, and an honorary member of the North Dakota Pharmaceutical Association. The professor is noted for his thoroughness—the accurateness of his knowledge, and his ability to impart knowledge to others. His degree of B. Sc. was conferred by the Polytechnic Institute at Brunswick, Germany, his other degree having been taken at the University of Berlin. Beyond a doubt, he is one of the most expert analytical chemists in the country. Graduates from his school experience no difficulty in passing the examinations of the State Boards of Pharmacy. In fact, the highest general and special averages ever attained by applicants before the Minnesota State Board have been scored by the graduates of the Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy. So thorough is the professor's work and so well-known his reputation that he is frequently called upon to make chemical and microscopical examinations of foods and food-stuffs, pathological and morbid anatomy, poisons, etc., and as an expert his testimony is often called for in courts of law.

The course of instruction pursued at the institute consists of didactic lectures with a fair measure of recitation and quizzing. The lectures are well illustrated with apparatus and by experiments of the most approved nature. In the materia medica collection are all the official crude drugs and a large number of unofficial drugs, together with a great variety of tinctures, F. E. elixirs, ointments, cerates, solutions and chemicals—all of which are used in first-class work. In the museum is a collection embracing some 2,000 specimens.

A term covers a period of three months. Within this time 235 hours are given to a consideration of such subjects as materia medica, chemistry and pharmacy, and seventy-eight hours to practical instruction in the laboratory of pharmacy—where the various preparations of the U. S. P. are made and the best methods of extemporaneous pharmacy are taught. The text books used are Remington's Pharmacy, Sayre's Materia Medica and Bartley's Chemistry, the cost of which is about \$10. Term fees are as follows: Pharmacy, chemistry and materia medica, \$10 each; practical pharmacy, \$25; all four branches, \$50. These fees are payable in advance. Any or all the branches may be studied, and a diploma will be conferred upon those who take the entire course. For practical work, all utensils and materials are furnished by the institute without extra charge. All this work is under the immediate supervision of the director.

Persons interested in obtaining fuller information respecting the Northwestern Institute

of Pharmacy—the studies pursued, the cost of attending and the probable expense involved for rooms and board, will find it to their advantage to apply personally or by letter to Professor Harding, the director. A catalogue will be sent free upon request.

The Profession of Dentistry.

The average human being is quite liable to avail himself of the advantages of modern progress without pausing to consider the long travail through which it all passed ere the present stages of development were reached. Not so very many years ago, for instance, it took lots of time and cost oceans of pain and a mint of money whenever one wished to have a set of false teeth made to take the place of the old ones that were extracted. After the awful pain of the pulling and hauling, came the clumsy method of obtaining a mold of the jaws for the new set of teeth; and then followed a tedious period of waiting and, finally, a charge that made one feel that his new grinders were the richest possessions he had in the world. That was about thirty years ago.

It is within the past twenty years that the greatest progress has been made in the profession of dentistry. There has been a remarkable development in plate work, filling, the manufacture of teeth and all lines of dental work. In old times, almost any one could practice dentistry. It is not so today. Now the professional and legal requirements call for a full three years' course at some competent dental college and a diploma therefrom—after which the candidate must pass an examination by the State Board of Dental Examiners. If he passes this examination, a certificate of qualification will be issued and he is eligible to practice. The possession of a diploma will cut no figure whatever, though, if the candidate should fail to meet the requirements of the State examiners. In such a case, he simply has to study up his business and try the board again.

All this interesting information was learned during a recent visit to the dental parlors of Dr. Ivar E. Siqveld, the popular dentist in room 207 Phoenix block, at the corner of Seventh and Cedar streets, St. Paul. The doctor is a graduate from the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery in Philadelphia, where he stood second in his class. He came direct to St. Paul, and has been practicing here for a period of five years. Formerly located at 195 East Seventh Street, increasing practice led him to remove to his present offices, which are convenient of access and admirably adapted to the needs of his business.

Doctor Siqveld makes a great specialty of crown and bridge work. Although he pays the closest attention to work in every branch of his profession, from the extraction of teeth to filling and the manufacture of complete sets, his success in difficult crown and bridge work has led him to devote special study to those lines and to achieve notable prominence for his exceptional skill. He has all the latest electrical appliances and other aids now used in dentistry, such as electric engines, lathes, and the system of extracting teeth without pain, and there is a lady assistant who waits upon his many lady patrons.

Many different materials are used in filling teeth nowadays. Gold, platinum alloys, cement, gutta-percha and porcelain inlay work are all employed. In plate work gold, rubber, aluminum and continuous gum work are preferred for bases. Doctor Siqveld always uses the most approved materials, and keeps fully abreast of every advancement in his profession. When it comes to doctoring one's teeth, the average individual is a bit particular. In these days there is not so much promiscuous pulling done;

the duty of the dentist is to save teeth. And here is where skill and good judgment are required—to know what is best to do, and just how to do it. It is to good judgment and professional skill that Dr. Siqveld owes his growing practice and unvarying success. He is thorough and painstaking, and his charges are never exorbitant. It matters not whether one lives in St. Paul or in Montana, a visit to the doctor is sure to result in perfectly satisfactory treatment.

Can Cancerous Growths be Cured?

The opinion seems to prevail among medical practitioners generally that cancerous growths are practically incurable. That such an opinion is entitled to great respect will be admitted by all who are at all familiar with the methods usually adopted in treating these malignant sores. In the great majority of instances, applied remedies have only succeeded in retarding the development of the cancer; or, at the most, in affording temporary relief by a temporary removal of the cancerous growth. Following this operation, another cancer would appear either in the same place or on some other portion of the system. Treatment, in most cases,



THE "PHOENIX" OFFICE AND BUSINESS BLOCK,
COR. SEVENTH AND CEDAR STS., ST. PAUL.

seemed in vain, and time, patience and money would be expended until hope waned and despair led to the grave.

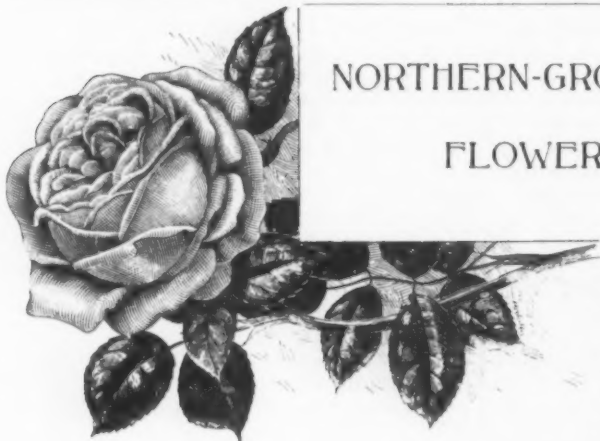
Advances that have been made in recent years in surgery and in medical science, fortify the hope that all fell diseases will yet find their cure. A step in this direction may now be chronicled in the treatment and cure of tumors and cancers. Physicians may doubt and the afflicted may look with suspicion upon the announcement, nevertheless there are strong reasons for believing that Dr. R. Branch, the Australian cancer and tumor specialist at No. 34 East Seventh Street, St. Paul, whose offices are in the Phoenix building, can cure tumors and cancers without the use of knife or surgical instruments, and without danger of their return. Doctor Branch's method of treatment is known only to himself and to an Australian doctor who taught it to him. Cancers, these doctors say, are caused by microbes in the blood. Kill the microbe—destroy the virus, and you cure the patient. That the remedy does all this is a fact which appears to have been established beyond doubt. Since coming to St. Paul, Doctor Branch has treated 105 cases and has effected complete cures in every instance. So far as this country is concerned, the remedy is known to no one else. If one-half that is

claimed for it be true, then it is one of the most important discoveries of the times. It is estimated that about ten per cent of the population are afflicted with some form of cancer, tumors, and cancerous growths. With this data at hand, it can at once be seen how great the interest of the people will be in a reliable remedy for such malignant complaints. It matters not whether these growths be internal or external; in either case a cure is effected without any surgical operation whatever. The time required to effect a cure varies, of course, with the nature of the cancer and the physical condition of the patient. Sometimes a cure is brought about in three days, or in a couple of weeks; but the average length of time required is about thirty days.

For obvious reasons, a minute description of this wonderful remedy can not now be made public; but Doctor Branch has many ex-patients who will gladly testify to the complete efficacy of his treatment and whose testimony ought to convince the most skeptical. Miss Lizzie Lee, who lives at 530 Bradley Street, St. Paul, informed the writer that, eight years ago, a tumor began to cause her a great deal of pain and anxiety. She was treated by one of the regular local practitioners, and finally submitted to an operation. The tumor was removed, but nine other tumors returned. A second operation followed about two years ago, upon which forty-four tumors and three cancers made their appearance. For eight months she was confined to her bed—paralyzed on the entire right side, and suffering intense pain. While in this condition she heard of Doctor Branch, and on Jan. 12, 1896, she began taking his treatment. At the end of sixteen days she was able to sit up, and within thirty days the paralysis was entirely gone. She improved constantly and, as the result of Doctor Branch's constitutional treatment,—by which the virus in the blood is killed, while, at the same time, the strength of the body is nourished,—she is now a well woman. When Miss Lee began this treatment she weighed about 100 pounds; today she is a strong, healthy-looking woman and weighs at least 140 pounds. The foregoing is testimony received from Miss Lee's own lips, and she will take pleasure in repeating it to any interested person.

Upholstery for the Holidays.

The near approach of the holiday season turns one's thoughts to household decorations and the thousand useful and beautiful articles which always constitute acceptable Christmas and New Year's gifts. A glance at the busy workmen in Schroeder & Dickinson's well-known upholstery establishment at No. 16 East Sixth Street, St. Paul, will satisfy anyone that holiday fancies this year are running to practical things. There is nothing neater than a stylishly upholstered chair or couch—nothing that touches the heart like an old, familiar, and perhaps favorite, easy-chair or rocker that has been re-upholstered and made better than new. All this and a great deal more is done by Schroeder & Dickinson. They are the leading upholsterers, mattress and furniture-makers in the Northwest. They make all kinds of mattresses and guarantee them. They carry every description of furniture covering, all styles in draperies, a large line of upholstery supplies, and make a specialty of renovating carpets and feathers. There is money to be saved by visiting Schroeder & Dickinson. No one knows what can be done in the furniture, drapery and decorating lines until this resourceful firm has been consulted. It pays to deal with a firm that is competent to think and choose for one—especially in busy holiday times, when a person scarcely knows what he or she does want.



NORTHERN-GROWN

FLOWERS AND SEEDS.

A National Seed and Flower House.

The great seed, nursery and flower house of L. L. May & Co., of St. Paul, is known from coast to coast. Of the magnitude of its business it is scarcely necessary to speak, since it has long been recognized as one of the very few really large and leading seed firms of the country. In the Northwest it stands without a rival, and in Eastern markets it holds equal rank with the most powerful seed-growers. A practical illustration of the truth of this statement is found in the well-known fact that it was to L. L. May & Co. that the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington awarded the Government seed contract last season for one million packages of seeds, and in the further fact that this contract has been doubled for the coming season. The Government's test of purity showed the high average of 99.29 per cent pure

seeds per annum. Their finely appointed warerooms, offices and retail salesroom are at Nos. 25 and 27 West Fifth Street, but their extensive greenhouses and nurseries occupy large premises at the intersection of Como Avenue and Elfeldt Street.

In the floral department the company has every variety of plant and flower known to the most progressive florists—from blushing roses to pallid lilies, luxuriant palms and ferns, tropical orchids, and all the lovely cut flowers and decorative plants that are used so attractively in private homes and on various public and semi-public occasions. Holiday seasons always find them busy. In their down-town salesroom are plants, flowers and cut flowers of every description; and it only requires a short notice to enable them to create floral designs and set pieces of exquisite beauty and for any occasion whatsoever. Columns might be written of a business which has grown to such gigantic proportions, but these few lines, together with the accompanying illustration, must suffice. It is enough to know that L. L. May & Co. have the seat of their great industry in St. Paul, and that from this point their seeds,

clusively, the products being sold at wholesale and retail through all the tributary States. Sixteen greenhouses, comprising the principal varieties, are devoted to roses. Carnations come next, and there are four houses set apart for violets, three for smilax and one for *asparagus plumosus*. There is a grand display of chrysanthemums—many of them twelve inches or more in diameter, and about fifty leading varieties. It is doubtful if there is a finer collection in the West. At these greenhouses, also, a specialty is made of bulb-forcing and lily-growing. During the winter over 20,000 Roman hyacinths and as many lilies of the valley will be handled—all the choicest varieties, in fact, principally *harrisi*. Twenty thousand small maiden-hair ferns are needed annually. All the palms cultivated here are propagated from imported seeds, about 20,000 of which are in ground now. The collection of tropical plants, aside from palms, etc., embraces the *dracaena*, *crotons*, *antheriums*, *marantas*, and many others. Over 100 varieties of imported orchids are shown. Mr. Grey has succeeded in raising them from seed, although it generally requires about a year for the pods to ripen before sowing, and from nine to fifteen months for the seeds to germinate. They are grown for their flowers, which are in demand for center-pieces and bridal bouquets, at \$10 per dozen. Mr. Mendenhall's great specialties are cut flowers, palms, ferns and bulbs. There are also some ten greenhouses that are filled with bedding-plants, of which vast numbers are handled in the spring months.

The business has been established twenty-five years. Mr. Grey, a florist of thirty-one years' experience, has been connected with the management two years. The entire plant is equipped



"The great seed, nursery and flower house of L. L. May & Co., St. Paul, one of the very few really large and leading seed and flower firms in this country."

seed, a record said to be unequalled in the history of the American seed trade, on so large a quantity. The company has seed-growers in many different States—thousands of acres being devoted to this purpose. Its patrons are found everywhere. The seeds are sold in every State of the Union and in Europe, Central and South America, Cuba, Mexico, China and Japan, Australia and New Zealand, Canada and other countries. It is also a fact that many of the largest commercial houses in the United States are supplied with seeds from this St. Paul company. Among these houses are John Wanamaker & Co. of Philadelphia, Montgomery Ward & Co. of Chicago, Ludwig Brothers of New York City, Brown, Thomson & Co. of Hartford, Conn., and Siegel, Cooper & Co. of Chicago and New York.

Messrs. May & Co. have 200 to 300 employees and send forth about ten million packages of

plants and flowers are sold and sent to nearly every town, township and county in our common country.

The Flower World in Minneapolis.

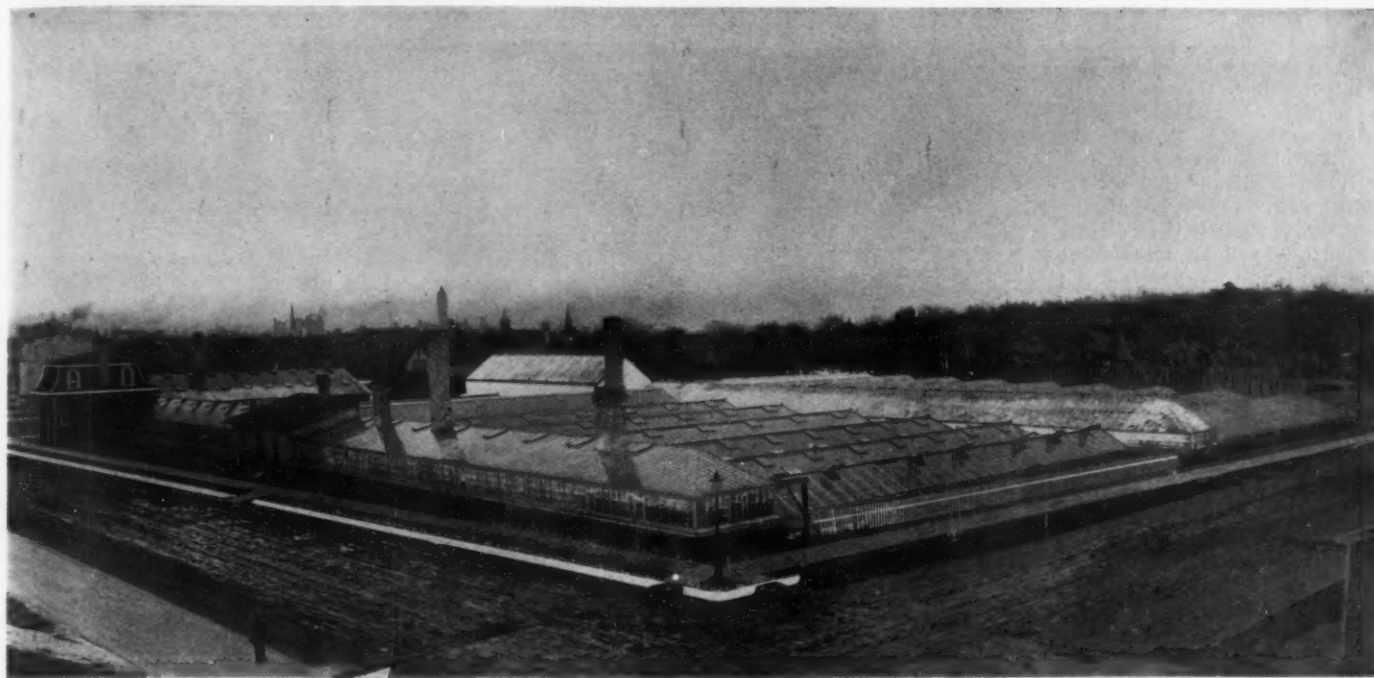
Go to Minneapolis and inquire for the leading florist, and the "Mendenhall Greenhouses" are named to one in a very emphatic manner. R. J. Mendenhall, the proprietor, has eighty-six greenhouses at the corner of Eighteenth Street and First Avenue South, and fifteen houses at Thirty-eighth Street, near the Driving Park. The glass-covered area exceeds 125,000 square feet. Two and a half blocks are occupied at the first location and another block at Thirty-eighth Street—three and one-half blocks in all. R. M. Grey, the manager, says that this is the largest plant of the kind in the Northwest, and one of the largest in the whole country. It is devoted to flowering and decorative plants ex-

in the most modern manner, and reflects great credit upon its enterprising projector.

One of St. Paul's Lovely Floral Resorts.

Some of the most noted florists in the Northwest are located in St. Paul. Residents of the capital city are great lovers of flowers, and it is a love that appears to be perennial. In summer or winter, spring or autumn, the demand for cut flowers, potted plants and decorative palms, ferns and other foliage plants, is as constant as the rising and the setting of the sun.

Among local florists who have achieved enviable reputations may be named Christian Hansen, whose extensive greenhouses are located at the corner of Dale Street and Como Avenue. They are reached easily and quickly by the Como electric cars, or by calling up telephone No. 957. Mr. Hansen has lived in this city about ten years. His training as a florist began



The Mendenhall Greenhouses, Minneapolis.—"The glass-covered area exceeds 125,000 square feet. The property comprises three and a half blocks, and is one of the largest flower-growing plants in the entire West."

when he was a boy of fifteen. A brief conversation with him will convince anyone that he loves his business and is well qualified to prosecute it successfully. Twelve greenhouses, which cover an area 125x250 feet in dimensions, all under glass, constitute the home of myriad lovely flowers and precious plants which hold the admiration of visitors like a panoramic display of old-world scenes. One of these greenhouses is forty feet wide and 140 feet long. It is said to be the largest in town.

The entire property is heated by steam that is supplied by two boilers and conveyed by pipes to every part of the greenhouses. Each greenhouse is 125 feet long, and each house has ten lines of pipe which run nearly or quite its entire length—the total length of steam piping amounting to about 15,000 feet. City water is used. It is a model property in every respect, one of the best constructed and equipped plants of the kind in the West.

Upon entering the greenhouses the first thing that impresses the visitor is the marvelous variety of roses seen. Roses are Mr. Hansen's greatest specialty. He seems to revel in them. In these glass houses are some ten thousand rose-plants which are forced, under this tropical method of cultivation, for the cut flowers that go to supply the demands for roses. They are all propagated by this St. Paul florist, and both flowers and plants are sold at retail and wholesale in this and in other cities and towns.

In house No. 1 is a brilliant collection of Brides and Bridesmaid roses; in No. 2 the beautiful Meteor rose is found—a dark velvet flower that approaches perfection; No. 3 is the abiding place of those deep magenta-hued roses called Souvenir de Wootton. They are very fragrant and alluringly attractive. For an all-satisfying look at the celebrated American Beauties, No. 4 must be visited. No. 5 is devoted to smilax and asparagus *plumosus nanus*—an asparagus vine that is a native of India and which is one of the prettiest and most delicately graceful decorative vines known to

florists. No. 6 contains Pearls de Jarnins—yellow roses of exceeding beauty, and No. 7 is filled with the new pink rose—the Belle Siegbrecht. Then there are two houses which contain different kinds and colors of carnation pinks—a splendid collection and a glorious feast for one's eyes. Another house furnishes a home for the modest but ever welcome violets, and two houses—which will afterwards be used for Easter lilies, are now occupied by a charming exhibit of chrysanthemums.

Orchids are to be seen in bloom and out of bloom. These singular plants have a fascination for people, but they are a trifle too expensive a luxury for the average lover of flowers to possess himself of. The blossoms are very lovely, but lack fragrance. There are fine

many homes, and his cut flowers have garnished many a festive occasion—from balls to weddings, parties and fetes.

A Paradise of Plants and Flowers.

On one of the coldest days of November, the writer, clad in overshoes and mittens and with coat-collars turned up and hat pulled down, boarded a Selby Avenue cable car and went out to see the large greenhouse property which belongs to August T. Swanson. It was near the corner of St. Anthony Avenue and Montgomery Street, in Merriam Park, and a short walk brought us to our destination. Mr. Swanson extended a gracious reception, listened to the requests made and at once led the way to the various greenhouses which adorn his premises. He has been in the flower business all his life. For fourteen years he has lived in St. Paul, seven of which have been passed on the six acres which comprise his greenhouse property at Merriam Park.

The greenhouses are twelve in number. They are heated by steam conveyed in pipes from a central boiler-room. There are two windmills and two 100-barrel storage water-tanks, this water being carried to all parts of the grounds by pipes. Fuel is needed about eight months per annum, and in this time it is estimated that 400 tons of coal are consumed.

This large enterprise is devoted exclusively to the production of cut flowers and decorative plants for indoors. Chrysanthemums constitute one of Mr. Swanson's chief and most interesting specialties. Of these there are about 100 varieties. Some of them are smaller than a penny, others are fourteen inches across—almost as large as a punch-bowl. They are of all colors, but chiefly red, white and yellow. The choicest varieties bring one dollar per flower,—but only one flower comes from the plant. There is no prettier sight than that furnished by thousands of blooming chrysanthemums.

Another specialty of Mr. Swanson's is in the hybrid rose line—roses which bloom only once during a season, from the middle of January to



Christian Hansen's plant, St. Paul.—"Twelve greenhouses, covering an area 125x250 feet in dimensions, all under glass, constitute the home of myriad roses and other lovely flowers and plants."

collections of stately palms and pretty ferns, also. In fact, all the finest decorative plants are in evidence, for Mr. Hansen aims to meet floral demands of every nature. His principal trade, however, as we said in the beginning of this article, is in cut flowers—cut roses in particular. His plan is to propagate and to cultivate the rarest and choicest varieties only. A florist by nature, years of study and experimental practice have rendered him skillful to a marked degree, and his greenhouses are today one of the acknowledged resorts of the city in which he lives. There are few towns within a reasonable distance of St. Paul to which Mr. Hansen has not sent flowers and plants. Outside people know him well. His plants adorn

the middle of April. There are but few varieties of these. Among them are the Ulrich Brunner, the Baroness Rothschild, General Jacqueminot, Mme. Gabriel Luizet, and others. A more prominent feature, perhaps, is found in the multitude of palms, ferns and tropical plants generally that are exhibited. Mr. Swanson has given a great deal of study to these decorative plants, and his magnificent collection is well worth seeing. All his palms and ferns are propagated from seed. Palms, we are informed, are of very slow growth; the seed sometimes lies in the soil eighteen months before it sprouts.

There are orchids, too,—strange plants before which every visitor pauses in interested contemplation. One will find nearly all the varieties that are suitable to cut flowers from—and, of course, they are all imported. Among them are the *Cattleya*, a genus of which there are over 100 varieties; *Vendrobium* and *Odontoglossum*—a large genus of Central and South American epiphytal orchids; *Cypripedium*, of which there are also numerous varieties, etc., etc. No attempt is made herein to describe all the flowers in these great greenhouses. The collection of roses is bewildering. There are roses of all kinds and colors. Upon going there one does not know where to begin nor where to end—it is all so beautiful.

Mr. Swanson's down-town office is at 117-119 in the Endicott Arcade. It has been there seven years, so that nearly every one knows where it is. A conservatory is attached, and a large assortment of flowers and decorative plants may be seen there at any time. Whether one lives in town or out of town, orders addressed to this St. Paul florist will receive prompt and careful attention.

A New Floral Enterprise.

The universality of what may be termed 'flower love,' is very noticeable in all large



August T. Swanson, florist, St. Paul.—"The large establishment, consisting of twelve greenhouses, is devoted exclusively to cut flowers and indoor decorative plants."

cities. It knows neither age nor sex, nor does it make any distinction between the rich and the poor. In St. Paul, greenhouses are found in nearly every section; and in the summer-time pretty window-gardens and yard exhibits are quite general, even in the humblest homes. One of the florists alluded to is Frederick G. Franke, whose greenhouses, five in number, are at the corner of Charles and Grotto streets, reached by the Interurban line. Mr. Franke has been in the business twenty-three years—practically all his life. His greenhouses, which cover an area 75x120 feet in dimensions, were built this year at a cost of about \$4,000. They are steam-heated and modern in every respect. Cut flowers and spring bedding-plants are his chief specialties—though he has a fine collection of decorative plants and is able to supply all customary demands. His roses comprise all the popular varieties, his carnations and violets rank among the loveliest seen, and his beds of smilax, etc., will win admiration from every visitor.

SUMMER OR WINTER.

Which do you prefer—the warm sunshine of summer or the chilly blasts of winter? A few hours' journey and a small amount of money will carry you from the snows of the Northwest to California, the land of eternal summer. During the past few years, to meet the demands of people of moderate means, the Chicago Great Western Railway (Maple Leaf Route) has established a through service of Pullman tourist sleeping-cars to Los Angeles; without change, via the Kansas City and Santa Fe Route. The cars in service this year are Pullman's newest and best tourist sleepers—as comfortable as standard sleepers, though not so elaborate, while the berth rates are very much less. They are complete in every respect, furnished with fresh, clean linen and bedding and in charge of the usual porter. Investigation will prove that the route via the Great Western and Kansas City is the shortest, a car leaving Minneapolis at 7:00 A. M., every Tuesday and arriving at Los Angeles the following Saturday at noon. A feature of this route is that no Sunday traveling is necessary. Greatly reduced rates for round-trip tickets are now in effect. The car will leave St. Paul every Tuesday at 7:35 A. M., and if you are contemplating a California trip, the Chicago Great Western Railway would be pleased to furnish you all information, which can be obtained from any of its agents, or from F. H. Lord, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.



Frederick G. Franke, St. Paul, "whose greenhouses, five in number, were built this year and are filled with choice roses, carnations, decorative and spring-bedding plants, etc."

A MONTANA ROBIN.—The Great Falls (Mont.) *Leader* says: "Hanging in his large cage in front of the 'Silver Dollar,' is a robin that money can't buy. He has been caged for about a year and might be called a voluntary prisoner, as he gave himself into captivity. From early dawn until late at night his shrill notes can be heard for blocks away. He can follow any tune put in the music-box and can do it with the ease and grace of a modern prima donna. He can't speak English, but he does understand music and is a phenomenal songster."



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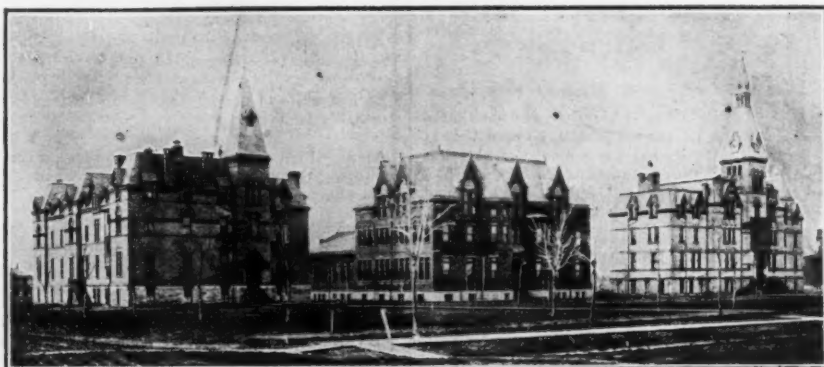
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The Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad runs elegant upholstered tourist cars to California without change, leaving St. Paul 7 P. M.; Minneapolis 3:35 P. M. every Thursday via Omaha, Denver and Salt Lake—the Scenic Line.

Every Tuesday we will run an additional car via Kansas City and Ft. Worth—the Southern route, no altitudes and no snow.

The time is only four days via either route. In this age, time is an important factor in the selection of a line of travel. The Albert Lea Route, being the quickest and best appointed, is most popular.

Through sleeping-car berths only \$6. A gentlemanly conductor and colored porter accompany the car to attend the wants of passengers.

Meals served in dining-cars, or may be prepared on cooking-ranges provided for the purpose in separate compartment.

Full information as to ticket rates, or berth reservations, will be given by addressing A. B. Cutts, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad, Minneapolis, Minn.




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WASHINGTON AVES. SOUTH, MINNEAPOLIS,
FIFTH AND ROBERT STS., OR UNION DEPOT,
ST. PAUL.



Charles Bittich, who has charge of the coal-drilling operations at Ottawa, Le Sueur County, has found abundant coal at a depth of 500 feet, it is reported, and will continue down at least 250 feet more. Much interest is manifested in the enterprise.

The proposed new Indian boarding-school at Tower will cost \$30,000 to \$40,000.

Gaylord's 75-barrel flour-mill will soon be completed. Another flour-mill is being constructed at Elkton.

C. L. Metcalf and George Andrews are erecting a feed-mill at Caledonia and will fit it with burr stones.

Seventy building permits were issued by the St. Paul inspector in October for improvements estimated to cost \$83,255.

A 12,000-bushel elevator is to be erected at Watkins, and another of 20,000-bushel capacity is now being put up at Eldred.

The big Imperial flour-mill at Duluth, partially closed down prior to the election, is now running up to its full capacity.

The total cut of lumber by the Minneapolis saw-mills this year is a little over 300,000,000 feet, about 37 per cent less than was produced last year.

The sales of 123,300 full barrels in one week recently in Minneapolis, represented the consumption of about 855,000 patent coiled hoops and 230,000 hickory hoops.

Everett, Aughenbaugh & Co.'s new flour-mill at Waseca will be fitted up by the Richmond City Mill Works of Richmond City, Ind. The mill's capacity will be 600 to 700 barrels per day.

O. J. Johnson has begun hauling materials for the erection of a solid brick hotel building at Cottonwood. It will be 60x35 and 20x25, two-story and basement, with steam heating-plant.

According to *Farm Implements* the Disbrow Manufacturing Company of Owatonna, manufacturers of churns and butter-making machinery, will remove their entire plant to Mankato.

Grant Brambel, of Sleepy Eye, has invented a steam engine which will bring him an enormous fortune. An English syndicate now has a \$1,600,000 option on it. The value of the engine has been demonstrated.

Business blocks are being erected in Hibbing, Pine Island, Felton, Breckenridge and other towns in the State. There is a first-class outlook for a general revival in all building and business operations.

The Sutherland-Innes Co., of Minneapolis, is understood to have contracted with E. A. Gyde, Aitkin, Minn., for his cut of coiled hoops during the coming year. He expects to get out 150,000 to 200,000 weekly.

The Williams shoe factory at Winona has resumed operations with a full force, and the Winona Wagon Company expects to increase its regular number of employees. Good times are looked for on all sides.

The output of the Blwabik iron mine this year is 240,000 tons. The ore sold at \$3.65 per ton. The lake charge was \$1; rail haul, eighty cents; royalty, fifty cents; commissions, insurance and taxes about fifteen cents, leaving about \$1.20 to cover cost of mining, stripping and profit. It is the first profitable season that the operators of the mine have experienced.

There promises to be very active operations in the iron ranges of the State this winter. The Chandler mine at Ely has received orders to put 500 men to work; all the Minnesota Iron Co.'s deep-shaft mines will be worked by day shifts at least; the great Minnesota mine at Soudan will employ nearly all the miners living there, and on the Mesaba Range there will be work at Auburn, Fayal, Genoa and probably at the Canton mines. It is expected that the Rockefeller will resume work at the Franklin, Victoria, Bessemer and Commodore mines on the Mesaba, and at the Zenith mine at Ely on the Vermillion Range. Small forces are at work on all these properties now,

but larger forces will certainly be employed this winter. This is the best of news for all the towns in the iron districts.

North Dakota.

Mandan, always in line with progressive movements, has decided to have a fire-alarm system.

A large building for hardware purposes is among the talked-of improvements at Milton.

Dickinson, one of the best shipping points in the State, is now busy at work on a new opera-house.

Glen Ullin's new 162-barrel flour-mill is ready for business. Great improvements have been made in the town the past year.

A fine two-story brick building is contemplated for Aneta, and the Cargill Elevator Company has begun work on a new elevator there.

A. J. Gray, of Klemp, Burleigh County, has invented a new style of grate-bars for fitting up the boilers of threshing-machine engines, on which the lignite coal of North Dakota can be readily burned. He claims that, by using lignite coal in a coal-burning engine with the new grate-bars, a saving of \$5 a day in fuel can be effected.

South Dakota.

The Forest City mill has taken the contract of supplying 100,000 pounds of flour to the Cheyenne Indian Agency. In the past, this flour has been supplied by larger mills at the big milling centers.

A good deal of interest centers in the operations of the Edgemont Building Company at Edgemont, in the Black Hills region. The company has laid the foundation work for a \$25,000 hotel, and will also build a business block to consist of five stores and a bank at a cost of \$30,000. It is also said that the Union Hill Mining Company will soon construct a \$25,000 smelter there.

According to reports, the Union Hill Mining Company is going to build a 200-stamp mill at Galena in the Black Hills. The ores of this company contain a large percentage of lead, and this, with the iron in the concentrates, will be used for smelting the refractory ores of the Hills that are being shipped to Omaha and Kansas City. The smelter will have six stacks, three of which will be bullion and the others pyritic—two copper and one iron. It is to cost \$283,000, and the money is subscribed for it and there is a reserve capital of \$250,000 for the purchase of ore. The company has put in a saw-mill in Galena and is cutting timber for the reduction works. These works—under way and agreed on, the grindstone mill and the quarries, the irrigated lands close to Edgemont, owned by the company and settled by a prosperous colony of Iowa farmers, give the city as prosperous a future as any town in the West.

Montana.

Helena is constructing a new garbage crematory.

The corner-stone of Anaconda's new theater, "The Margaret," has been laid. It will be a modern building throughout.

The Butte, Anaconda & Pacific Railroad has declared its first dividend of six per cent, or a total of \$60,000. The capitalization is \$1,000,000.

The Butte Reduction Works is undergoing extensive improvements. The capacity of the plant will be more than doubled when completed.

It is reported that an Episcopal college is to be erected in Ennis and that a fund of \$4,000 has been already subscribed for that purpose.

It is said that Marcus Daly and others have opened the Poulin copper mine and are putting in the foundations for immense machinery to operate it.

The Sheridan Paper is of the opinion that mining operations will reach an unprecedented state of activity in 1897. It also says that claims against the Montana Company are being satisfied, and that it is believed that the mine will soon resume operations on an enlarged scale.

Reports from the Rochester District are to the effect that the Thistle mine is proving a bonanza. It is the property that was recently taken hold of by John Woods of Madison County and Kenyon and Tuohy of Butte. Shipments are made via Whitehall to Helena twice a week, and the results prove the property to be a high-grade one.

The new mill of the Keystone mine in the Yahk District is in successful operation. It handles about twenty-five tons of ore per shift, and the ore shows a

saving of \$8 per ton. The value in the concentrates will increase this value somewhat. A force of about twenty men will be employed in the mine and mill during the winter.

Important discoveries of copper are reported from Deer Lodge County at the headwaters of the Big Blackfoot River. Numerous locations have been made. It is claimed that the ledges are large, and that the ore from the grass-roots down shows a fair percentage of copper. Marcus Daly has a number of men in the same vicinity developing some prospects located in his interests. The new district is remote from the railroad, but not very difficult of access by wagon.

It is said that the Helena and Castle Railway is completed from a point near Helena to the embryo town of Leadboro, and that the first locomotive passed over the line Nov. 5. The survey was made in the spring of '92, and grading was begun in the fall of '93. After several delays, the work made great progress during the fall and winter of '95, and in '96 the project was put on a cash basis. R. A. Harlow has been the prime mover in the enterprise—backed by Mr. Whitney of Philadelphia.

The Anaconda Copper Mining Company has declared another dividend—amounting to the enormous sum of \$1,500,000. The dividend amounts to five per cent of the stock and is payable out of the earnings for the six months ending June 30. This is the second dividend declared by the company since its stock was listed, and makes a total of \$2,250,000, a record unequalled by any mining company in the world. Before the year ends another dividend will be paid of two and one-half per cent, which will make the total for the year amount to ten per cent on the present value of the stock.

Herman Thofehn contributes an interesting article to the September number of the *Engineering and Mining Journal* on the new Anaconda electrolytic copper refinery, which was started up last January. The refinery is turning out between 100 and 120 tons of copper daily, according to the output of the mines, and the balance of the company's product, from eighty to 100 tons, is refined in Baltimore. The total daily production is given at 200 tons, and in case of emergency the Anaconda refinery can handle the total product. The refinery produces about 350,000 ounces of silver and about 1,500 ounces of gold per month, delivered to the market in fine bullion, the silver being .999 fine and the gold .950 fine. The expense of refining copper by Thofehn's process is estimated to be about \$16 per ton, including all the processes of transforming the crude copper into the finished product for the rolling-mill and for the wire-drawing mill.

Idaho.

The Idaho mill, near Murray, is dropping twenty stamps on ore. Four bumpers have recently been added, and their work is satisfactory.

A car-load of ore was recently shipped from the De Lamar District to the State Ore Sampling Works of Denver, and the shippers received a check for \$50,438.87. It is claimed to be the richest car-load of ore ever shipped to Denver.

The Yosemite mill, near Murray, is again running full time. On account of a lack of ore the mill has been operated only half-time, but now that new ore bodies have been uncovered which will provide ore in abundance, the mill will be operated full time.

The reduction plant of the Florida Mountain Mining Company, which has been erected at Booneville during the past summer, is now fully completed and in operation. The battery consists of twenty 1,150-pound stamps.

The Monarch mine has been bonded under a ten-month's option by J. M. Guffy and J. H. Galey of Pittsburgh, Pa., stockholders in the Trade Dollar Mining Company operating at Silver City. The Monarch lies about fifteen miles southeast of Willow Creek, and shows a three-foot ledge that samples from \$25 to \$100 in gold. The consideration in the bond is \$18,500.

It is rumored that the Helena and Frisco, one of the most valuable properties on Canyon Creek, employing 125 men and milling 525 tons of ore daily, has been sold to the Standard Oil Co. The mill is one of the most complete in the Coeur d'Alenes. Recent additions to machinery increase the capacity to 600 tons daily. Monthly dividends of \$50,000 have been paid, with few intermissions, for several years.

Oregon.

The output of the Bandon cannery is being shipped to Astoria.

The Pendleton woolen-mill is now making first-class blankets and Indian robes.

It is proposed to start a co-operative factory at The Dalles for the manufacture of proprietary medicines.

The Milton *Eagle* says that many of the strawberry-fields above Milton are producing the second crop of fruit now.

A tannery is being built about two and one-half miles above Enchanted Prairie, in Coos County, and will soon be operated.

Milton's apple crop will bring her in thousands of dollars this fall, for only in that immediate neighborhood has anything like a full crop thereabouts been obtained.

The Fort Klamath creamery has made this season about 9,000 pounds of butter and four or five tons of cheese. During the season the supply of milk was from 250 cows.

A. J. Goodbrod recently sent out the tenth car-load of plums and prunes shipped by him from Union this season. He has handled nearly 100,000 pounds of this variety of fruit this one season.

Washington.

The Seattle Box Company is turning out 4,000 fish-boxes daily.

A theater is being built at New Whatcom that will be able to seat 1,000 persons.

The Tacoma Chamber of Commerce is considering the establishment of a paper-mill.

It is estimated that over 60,000 acres of land are developed to orchards and fruit-farms throughout the State of Washington.

The Tacoma woolen-mills have added new machinery and an increased working force in anticipation of better business as a result of the recent election.

Dennis Ryan, of St. Paul, has closed a deal whereby he and associates become the owners of the Bonanza Queen and other claims in the Silverton District.

The large contract for cedar blocks, which the Atlas Lumber Co. had with the city of Indianapolis, has been completed. The whole order required 135 large furniture cars.

Another \$60,000 wood-working plant is to be added to Tacoma's complement of manufactories by February, and a new avenue of trade, that of furnishing tea-boxes for the Japanese, is to be thus inaugurated.—*Tacoma West Coast Trade*.

According to reports, the new milling-plant of the Wyandott Mining & Milling Company at Chapaca will soon be in operation. The plant has a capacity of sixty tons, and the company can treat about thirty tons of custom ore per day besides its own ore.

A valuable discovery of nickel has been made by S. N. Bodge of Harvey, near Colville. The find is reported to be about four miles from Colville on the Columbia River and about twelve miles west. The width of the ledge is reported to be about four feet, and it is said that the deposit is rich enough to assure a paying proposition.

The Aberdeen Cooperage Company, one of the manufacturing enterprises of Aberdeen, Gray's Harbor, has invested \$7,000 in its plant, which is a comparatively new departure in the wood-working industries of the State. Packages for packing beef, pork, crackers, flour, apples, lard and other articles are to be manufactured on an extensive scale from native woods. Prospects for success are bright.

The deal for the sale of the Payne group of mines in the Slocan Country has been consummated. A. W. McCune of Salt Lake City and H. L. Hoage of Montana purchased the property from S. S. Bailey for \$125,000. The purchase includes the Mountain Chief, Maid of Erin, Two Jacks, and one-half of the Payne, one of the best known groups in the district. About \$85,000 worth of ore has been shipped from the Mountain Chief and nearly \$15,000 from the Payne, making a total of about \$100,000 shipped from the property. The mines are located about three and one-half miles from Three Forks.

The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* is authority for the statement that a coal mine, to be operated on a gigantic scale, has been opened up almost within the shadow of Mount Rainier. The promoters, at whose head is W. H. McNeil, have plenty of capital and expect to spend \$1,500,000 in the development of the claim and the construction of shipping facilities. The coal-fields owned by the syndicate are on the Carbon River, thirty-five miles from Buckley, in a straight line between that place and Mount Rainier. As soon as pros-

pect work shows enough to satisfy the owners, the mines will be opened. A line of railroad will be built to some point on the Sound, where coal bunkers can be erected; or, if terms can be agreed upon, the line will be built thirty-five miles to Buckley and there connect with the Northern Pacific. The veins opened by the big tunnel, which has progressed 700 to 800 feet, run from four to fifteen feet in width. One vein is fine blacksmith's coal, and the majority of the other veins are exceptional grades of semi-bituminous. One of those interested in the property is Thomas Hewitt, a coal expert from the East. He considers it the finest coal ever taken out this side of the mountains, and regards the coal-field as one of the largest in the West.

Canadian Northwest.

Three more cannery companies are applying to the council at New Westminster for water-frontage rights. This makes four new canneries for next year's business, with an aggregate capacity of 75,000 cases.

Last October the Ogilvie Milling Co. received orders from Australia for 800 tons of Manitoba flour. One hundred tons were shipped in November, 300 tons will be sent this month, and 500 tons will go forward in January.

While no large buildings have been erected in Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, this season, the aggregate value of new structures and improvements will be considerable and indicative of the faith of citizens as to the future of the corporation.—*Portage la Prairie Review*.

Manager G. V. Hastings, of the Lake of the Woods-Milling Co., Winnipeg, declares the wheat-crop in Manitoba this year to be the best in quality that he has handled in four years. The shortage in crop is fully made up in quality and by better market conditions. Manitoba farmers will realize just about as much money from this year's crop as from last year's great yield.

Brandon, Manitoba, has enjoyed a fall trading season of exceptional activity. A correspondent who visited that handsome town about the first of November writes that the stores, banks and offices were very busy; that the farmers had plenty of ready money and paid cash for all purchases, besides making heavy payments on their lands, some of which were not due until next year.

Rat Portage, the principal town of Western Ontario, on Lake of the Woods, is enjoying a season of substantial prosperity, its chief source of revenue being from the new mining regions to the south. Some local developments in the way of water-power and mining operations have been going forward this fall. There is said to be ample capital in sight to push these enterprises.

For the week ending October 17 the deliveries of wheat in Manitoba aggregated fully 1,500,000 bushels—the greatest rush of grain to market in the history of the Province. There were but three railroads to handle this vast quantity of grain—the Canadian Pacific, Northern Pacific, and Manitoba & Northwestern, and each of them was complimented on the efficiency of its service in such a trying time. The rush was caused by the rapid advance of prices. At Neepawa the two big milling companies of Winnipeg were active competitors, and ran the price up on a few loads of hard wheat to ninety-three cents—twenty cents above market.

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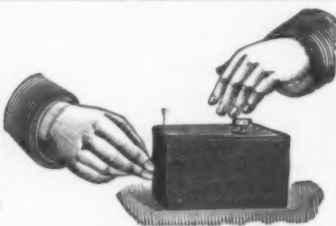
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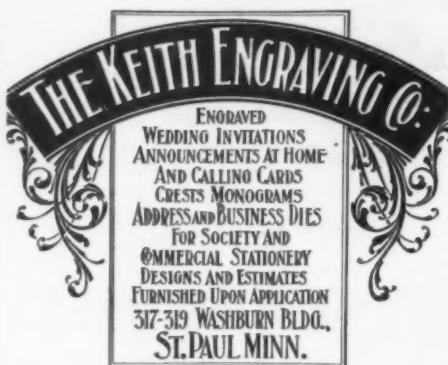
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comes only to those who help themselves. He who desires health, wealth and happiness must get up and hustle. The "Good Times Coming"—of which we have had promises—seem to be about to be realized, but we must all stand shoulder to shoulder and assure their permanency. Good crops and good prices for wheat and other farm products will put the farmers in comfortable circumstances and enable them to pay their debts (if they have any), buy groceries, clothing, boots and shoes, furniture, fuel, and all the other necessities and luxuries of life. The merchant will buy goods—more goods and better goods if the farmer sells his grain at a fair price and pays his bills promptly. Cash in hand enables the country merchant to buy his wares more cheaply from the city jobber, and permits him to sell them to his customers for less money than ever before. The farmer holds the key to the country's prosperity. To him we look for the salvation of the Republic. He tills the soil, and, with the help of a kind Providence, produces the results which, when coined into money, furnish employment to countless wage-earners throughout the Nation. It is his money which supports all classes of people, rich and poor, and greases the wheels of commerce all over the world. Spend the dollars as they come into your possession. "A nimble squire is better than a slow shilling." Keep the money in circulation. Then there will be no "tight money," no bank failures, no manufacturers lying idle, no trusts, no monopolies—nothing, indeed, but the turning over of an honest dollar for the purpose of making another honest dollar as a return for the original investment. Ride on the railroad occasionally—or oftener—and visit your neighboring towns and watch the business methods of your friends and acquaintances. Rub up against the enlightened people of the period and learn to appreciate the progressive spirit of the present age. You can learn something new every day; something of benefit to yourself, your family and your associates, and it won't cost much money to acquire the information. And, finally, if you can induce any of your Eastern cousins to visit you at Thanksgiving time, or during the Christmas Holidays, please write them to travel on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and oblige, yours truly, Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent.

"The North-Western Limited."

By far the handsomest and most entertaining railroad folder yet issued has just been given the public by the Omaha road's passenger department, entitled "The North-Western Limited—The Finest Train in the World." The folder embraces twenty pages and is beautifully printed in colors on heavy plated paper. Every detail of the two great new "limiteds" is entertainingly written about and illustrated, and no end of information about "The North-Western's Line's" Chicago service pleasantly served up.

Perhaps the folder's most novel feature is the ten inside pages which, unfolded, show "lifelike" pictures of the two limited trains, each over three feet long. The train at the top is headed from Minneapolis to Chicago and is being hauled by the Omaha's big engine 276, and the train below is headed from Chicago to Minneapolis pulled by another monster. Every car actually run on the trains is shown, and they are extremely interesting pictures. Between the two pictures is a strong outline map showing the route of the trains to Chicago and Milwaukee, besides "ground-floor" plans of the trains. Illustrations tellingly compare "How our great grandfathers traveled in 1831." The folder is a splendid bit of railroad literature and will interest anybody—whether he travels or not. A copy of this folder will be mailed our readers free on application to T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul.

Half-Breeds Came Lower.

Manager Chase of the Arcadian Theater, says the Spokane *Spokanean-Review*, has arranged to put on the scenic play "Seattle" next week. There are a number of Indians in the play, and in order to do the thing up right he concluded to get a lot of regular bad red men. Being a few short, however, he sent Daniels out to find a few "supers" who could hold down the job. Daniels came back with several, among whom was a young man with strawberry hair and variegated freckles on his face. Mr. Chase told him that all he would have to do was to dress as an Indian and stand on the stage. For this little bit of star work Mr. Chase named him a figure which, however, did not come up exactly to his idea of an actor's salary. He studied a minute and then said: "Well, I can't play an Indian job for that money, but I'm willing to play half-breed for it."

WHY BE POOR THIS WINTER?

Dear Editor:—I am delighted with my success selling Vapor Bath Cabinets to families and physicians. I cleared \$5 the first day and never made less than \$30 a week. Customers sick or well are delighted. It beautifies complexion, cures Colds, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Malaria, Catarrh, Headaches, Weakness and all Blood, Nerve and Kidney Diseases. Furnishes Turkish and Medicated Vapor Baths at home. No more medicine or Dr. bills for me. Any of your readers can get free book and agency, by writing G. World Mfg. Co., Columbus, O. They are reliable and were very kind to me.

LAURA L.



ONE FROM NORTH DAKOTA.

Some time ago a dispute arose, in one of the western border counties of North Dakota, between two men whom we will name McVey and Corkhill. As the dispute grew warm, McVey struck Corkhill in the face with his fist, whereupon the latter caused the arrest of his assailant, who was brought before squire Egum for a hearing. But McVey demanded a change of venue, and when the case was finally brought to issue before Squire Greathhead, he dismissed it and wrote to the county attorney asking if the costs in the case should not be charged to the plaintiff; that the complaint alleged that the plaintiff was assaulted with force and arms, yet when the plaintiff was placed on the stand, he swore that McVey had no arms in his hands!

THE ACCUSING BEER-KEG.

They tell a good story of a minister well-known in Minneapolis. Some time ago he took a vacation and went on a fishing excursion to a lake not far from Minneapolis. While he was away he happened to leave his team and light wagon hitched near to a place where some bibacious Germans were having a jolly picnic. A friend who accompanied him saw a chance for a practical joke; so, when the minister's back was turned, he hoisted an empty beer-keg into the end of the wagon and covered it up with some cloths. When the two returned from their trip, the practical joker got out of the rig some time before they reached the parson's home, and as he did so he deftly pulled away the covering from the beer-keg, leaving it standing in all its bacchanalian dignity in plain sight of everyone who might care to see. So the minister drove on home to his residence, meeting no end of parishioners, who gazed aghast at that empty, inarticulate, but million-tongued accuser of their pastor. It took him a month of Sundays to straighten matters out.

THE WITNESS HELD HIS OWN.

Judge Wm. H. Brinker was a passenger on the Northern Pacific overland, not long ago, says the *Seattle Argus*, and here is a pretty good story that he told on himself:

"When I was a youngster and had just been admitted to the bar," said he, "I was attorney in a case where an old farmer named Jones, whom I had known ever since I was a small boy, was a witness on the other side. I wanted to make my client think I was earning my fee, and so asked the witness all the questions I could think of. When Mr. Jones took the stand, I started in:

"What is your name, sir?" I asked, severely.

"You ought to know," said he, impatiently; "It is Jones."

"What is your occupation, sir?" was my next question.

"Farmer, sir," said he, rather angrily.

"How long have you been a farmer?"

"Sixty-five years."

"I straightened up, for I thought I had Mr. Jones in a tight place. You see, I knew his age.

"How old are you, sir?" was my next question.

"Sixty-five years."

"Mr. Jones," and I looked as severe as I knew how, "do you mean to tell the jury that you are sixty-five years old, and yet have followed farming for sixty-five years?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, suppose you tell the jury what branch of farming you followed for—say the first two years?"

"Milking."

"That farmer didn't crack a smile; but after the bailiff had succeeded in securing order, which took several minutes, you may bet that I confined myself strictly to questions pertaining to the cause at issue."

HE WAS SHY ON ST. PAUL.

The following is contributed to our "Current Anecdotes" columns by a constant reader of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE in Willow City, South Dakota. The writer says that when the business portion of the city of Vermillion, in that State, was burned in the summer of 1890, one of its leading men was compelled to do business temporarily in the old Baptist church, then no longer employed as a house of worship. Among the earliest callers at this novel place of business was "Jack" Phelps, as he was familiarly called. Phelps was a travelling salesman who represented a wholesale house in Sioux City, Ia., and was known far and wide for his good nature and love of a joke, especially when it was at the expense of another person. He was ex-

ceedingly wary himself, and was seldom caught in the numerous traps laid for him by his fellow travelers; but when they were successful in getting a joke on him, their satisfaction was manifested in various ways. Now, when the building in question was used as a house of worship, the devoted congregation had caused to be painted in large, bold letters across the front wall of the room and above the pulpit, those much cherished words from Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians—"One Lord, one faith, one baptism.—Eph. 4.5." When the church was converted into a place of business the words remained unmolested and were almost the first objects to greet a visitor's eye. Phelps had scarcely greeted his old friend, the proprietor, and others who were present, before he saw the inscription, upon which, turning hurriedly towards the company, he exclaimed:

"Well, that is the first instance I ever knew of a painter putting his name and the date after his work!"

There was a laugh, of course, and it was afterwards said that Phelps studied Holy Writ so diligently that he could distinguish a biblical reference almost instinctively, and at any reasonable distance, whenever he saw one.



HE KEPT THE CLOCK WOUND UP.

George H. Lusk, a prominent lumberman at Thorpe, Wisconsin, is a humorous sort of fellow according to the *Mississippi Valley Lumberman*, of Minneapolis. One night last summer, while he was over in Minneapolis making one of his periodical visits to his family, who were spending the summer there, he entertained several friends one evening by reciting to them stories of the woods and camp-life in the pines and at the



INTERESTING RELICS.

"Interested in chemistry, eh?"
 "Not a bit of it! What you see are the—component parts of my wife's lovely complexion."

mill in Wisconsin. One of the drawbacks to life in the woods, he mentioned, was the noise that the timber-worms made at night as they worked away in the logs. Many a night, he said, we went out, thinking that there was a terrible storm raging, only to find that the noise came from the worms as they chewed dollars out of the logs.

One night, at the place where Mr. Lusk was boarding, a rather peculiar thing happened. The landlord was an old friend of Lusk, and many a time had they gone hunting as well as fishing together, and he knew the kind of bait that Lusk always took with him. One evening Lusk came in from the mill and, after eating supper, went to his room. On the stand in the room was an alarm clock and a pitcher of water. Just before he retired, Brown, the landlord, came in and talked awhile with his boarder about their hunting and fishing trips, and before he left he laid a flask of good whisky and a small glass on the stand beside the alarm clock, and went out, saying nothing about it. About one o'clock in the morning the alarm went off, waking Lusk up, of course. He rubbed his eyes and got up and lit the lamp. Seeing the flask of whisky, he took a "nip," muttering to himself that that was the most obliging hotel he had ever stopped at. He then wound up the alarm again, set it at two o'clock and went to bed again. Brown, in telling about this the other day, said that Brother Lusk kept that alarm clock going off at least every hour for the balance of the night, much to the consternation of the sleeping occupants of the adjoining rooms.

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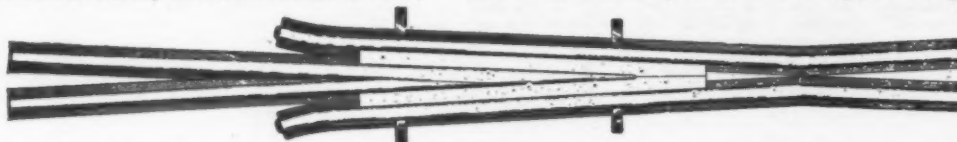
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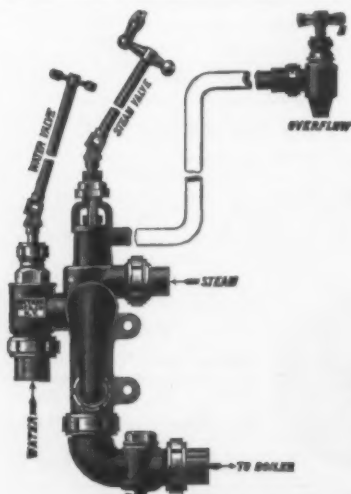
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Consulting Engineer.**Prospectus.**The mines of this company consist of the
"COMET No. 2" and "ANNIE FRACTION" Mineral
Claims, both situate in the immediate vicinity
of Rossland, in the heart of the Trail Creek
Division of the West Kootenay Mining District.**COMET NO. 2.**This is a full claim, 1,500 x 1,500 feet, located
on the north slope of Red Mountain, and is the
first north extension of the B. C. mine. The
vein is traceable by bold outcrop throughout the
length of the "Comet No. 2," the U. S. and B. C.
claims south and the adjoining claim north. In
addition to this there is another parallel vein
on the claim in which the mineral showing is
quite as good as on the main lode.**THE ANNIE FRACTION**is a fractional claim bounded by the California
and San Francisco mines, and the property of
the great Le Roi Mining Company. The lower
shaft of the Le Roi property, from which some of
the richest ore of the camp has been extracted,
is on the Black Bear ground—a part of Le Roi
mine adjoining the "Annie Fraction." This
vein crosses the Annie, giving the company
over 500 feet of the main Le Roi lode.**DEVELOPMENT WORK.**The company is incorporated for 1,000,000
shares of the par value of \$1.00 per share. Of
this amount \$350,000 shares will be sold and the
proceeds applied to the development of the
property. The balance of the stock has been
pooled, the resident manager at Rossland of the
Bank of British North America acting as
trustee. The pooled stock is to remain in the
hands of the trustee until the 350,000 shares con-
tributed for development work have been sold,
or so much thereof as may be necessary to place
the mines on a paying basis.**PROMINENT ASSOCIATE.**The company feel that they are particularly fortu-
nate in having associated with them as trustee and
consulting engineer Mr. Edward Pritchard, F. G. S.,
M. Inst., C. E., of London, England. Mr. Pritchard's
thirty-seven years' experience in mining and engi-
neering work in Australia, South Africa and America
has brought him so prominently and favorably before
the engineering and mining world that comment here
is unnecessary. His connection with the company is
the result of his personal examination of its mines,
and as farther proof of his confidence in the property
Mr. Pritchard has subscribed for one-half of the first
block of development stock offered for sale.At a depth of 40 feet ore assaying \$20 a ton has been
encountered. A handsome profit can be made in mining
\$15 ore.Treasury shares are now offered at 10c. The price will
be advanced Jan. 1, '97.



"It is not difficult for a girl to play first fiddle if she knows how to handle her beau.

Age does not seem to improve a man's senses when it comes to his affairs.—*Thomas Cat.*

Woman is making great progress. She started on one rib and is now riding the bicycle.

A young lady refers to the time she spends in front of a mirror as "moments of reflection."

"Is life worth the living?" he asks with a yell, When they hand him his bill at the summer hotel.

He—"What makes you think this is the milk train?" She—"Because it has stopped so often for water."

"Uncle Simpson, what is a campaign orator?" "He is a fellow who doesn't let thinking interfere with his talking."

"While it is true," said the sailor, "that I have no horses to drive, still I can always hitch up my trousers."—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

"What a man that Boggs is for synonyms! It's fairly wicked the way he works 'em in." "Yes, it's a real sin-on-him!"

Teacher—"What is a straight line?" Pupil—"The picture of its own road which each company prints in the railroad map."

Ethel—"Yes, I've brought him to my feet at last." Clarissa—"Well, take care you don't let him see them, or you won't keep him long."

A lady who was more favored by fortune than by education, gave a party and desired her daughter to play "the fashionable new melody she got last week."

"Don't you bother your head about fame, Pat. It rarely comes to any of us till after we are dead." "Faix, an' O'im willin' to sthaye here and wait for it."

Young Allbrass—"Mr. Bidquick, I am worth \$5,000 and I love your daughter." Mr. Bidquick (retired auctioneer)—"Sold!"—*Spare Moments.*

Cohenstein—"So, when she says: 'Moses, do you love me?' I tell her: 'Rachel, I am not lekal to make a man ingriminate himself! Show me your pank-pook before I rebly.'"

An anxious inquirer asks, "Where would you advise me to go to learn how to play the piano?" To the woods, dear; to the deep, dark, damp, dank, dangerous woods.

"Madge, did it do you good to go out into the country?" "Well, I gained five pounds, but I lost my grip on 'eye-ther and ney-ther.'"

Irate German (to stranger who has stepped on his toe)—"Mine frent, I know my feet vas meant to be valked on, but dot privilege belongs to me, and you'll please get yourself away pretty quick."

"Jobson, I do believe that if you were given your choice between me and your pipe, you would hesitate." "That's where you make a mistake, Mrs. Jobson. Any old pipe will do for me."

Unsophisticus—"What is that picture?" Criticus—"It's Venus after Angelo."

Unsophisticus—"How foolish of Mike to run away from a good thing like that."

Athwart these melancholy days It casts a gleam of cheer, To find you've half a ton of coal Left over from last year.

Jimson—"That woman ran right into my arms." Minson—"Well, what did you do? Did you apologize?" Jimson—"No; I embraced the opportunity."

Master—"Did you give the invalid mare her brandy this morning, Pat?" Pat—"Sure, your honor, it was a very cowlid' morning, so we tossed for it; and, faith, the mare lost."



I.

First Lodger—"That piano of yours in the next room was going all night; I couldn't sleep a wink. What on earth were you doing?"

Second Lodger—"I was composing a lullaby."

A certain minister, while preaching, said that every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was amusing himself by mowing his lawn, when a parishioner said: "That's right, doctor; cut your sermons short."

"Pretty good joke on Simpley."

"What was it?"

"He sent \$4 to an advertiser for a patent pocket fire-escape, and received in return a twenty-cent copy of the New Testament."

Wife (drearly)—"Ah, me! the days of chivalry are past." Husband—"What's the matter now?" Wife—"Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cload on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get mad simply because poor, dear mother sat down on your hat."

Johnnie's Ma—"Johnnie is doing so nicely in school. The teacher thinks everything of him. She has given him such a pretty pet name. What is it they call you at school, Johnnie?"

Johnnie (sententiously)—"Rubber-neck."

"Papa," said Jackey, "would you like to have me give you a perfectly beautiful Christmas present?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, now is the time to double my allowance, so's I'll have the money to buy it when Christmas comes."



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